

THE NATION

MAY 20, 1961 . . 25c

MORAL RE-ARMAMENT

Dr. Buchman's Holy War

Richard Harris



The Report That Won't Die

THE CIA IN ALGERIA

Alexander Werth

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LETTERS

Blow at the Kremlin

Dear Sirs: While conservatives such as Robert Welch merely sit and talk about impeaching Justice Warren, liberals such as Nelson Rockefeller go out and act to meet the Russian challenge by giving us a really hard-hitting law to revoke the driver's permit of anyone convicted of advocating overthrow of the federal government. Boy, will this set the Soviets back on their heels.

STEPHEN H. PATTERSON, JR.
Princeton, N.J.

Naming Names

Dear Sirs: Ed Cray's article, "Enemies of Mental Health," in your April 8 issue, is another of your publication's fine efforts to point out the various aspects of a multi-dimensional, though fundamentally homogeneous, phenomenon which, for lack of a better name, might be called extreme rightism. However, it would be useful if the articles could relate some of the activities of specific organizations and/or individuals. Mr. Cray's article gives us only one name (Congressman Hiestand's), while none of the other "Enemies of Mental Health" are mentioned by name.

C. H. NICHOLS
Sudbury, Mass.

Dear Sirs: With reference to Mr. Nichols' questions, many of the antis are ephemeral, one-shot organizations; others have dabbled once or twice in the subject, then turned to anti-fluoridation, or abolition of income tax, or anti-Semitic or anti-urban-renewal activities.

In the "scientific" group of mental-health opponents, one man stands out: Lewis Albert Alesen, M.D., Freedom Clubs, 535 S. Hoover, Los Angeles. He is the author of *Mental Robots* (Caxton, 1960). Thomas Sullivan, Free Enterprise Bureau, 855 S. Hill St., Los Angeles 14, looks at the legal side of things, concerned with possible violations of "Constitutional rights."

Other organizations involved—all in California—are the Committee for the Preservation of the Constitution, Box 27103, Hollywood 27; The American Public Relations Forum, Inc., Mrs. Stephanie Williams, president, Box 587, Burbank; Americans for Mental Freedom, Inc., Box 318, North Hollywood and the California State Division, Minutewomen of the United States of America, Box 26243, Los Angeles. They serve more or less as research/resource agencies.

I don't doubt that there are twenty-five other "agencies" in the country grinding out anti-mental-health tracts. I haven't bumped into them.
Los Angeles, Calif.

ED CRAY

Better Art

Dear Sirs: As an art major at Buffalo State Teachers College, I found Howard Warshaw's article, "Return to Naturalism," in your April 22 issue, interesting and informative. The comparison drawn between Rockwell and Pollock brought the following point to my mind. Realism, credited to Rockwell . . . is a mere vision of nature; expressionism and abstraction (Pollock) stimulate thought . . . and are therefore, in my judgment, superior art.

MARILYN COOK
Buffalo, N. Y.

Eichmann

Dear Sirs: Regarding your editorial of April 22, entitled "Legality and Humanity," in which you state "When six million Jews were exterminated, where was the law?" It would appear that the law was in the same position as it was on Aug. 6 and 9, 1945, when hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women and children were slaughtered or maimed by atom bombs. Both of these inhuman acts, the slaughter of the Jews and of the Japanese, were performed by Christian nations. Therefore: it would appear that not only is Eichmann on trial, but also the Christian religion. . . .

JULIAN W. BOURNIER
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Dear Sirs: In your editorial of April 22, you allege that the Jews were "chosen" to be murdered. But millions of Russians, Poles, English and Chinese died from the fighting, hunger and disease caused by the German-Japanese war machines. The Jews were not chosen to die any more than anyone else during the Second World War.

Next, you contend that the Jews are now the instruments of retribution. . . . This is meaningless and ridiculous; does the trial and punishment of an animal like Eichmann do justice to the six million innocent people whom he butchered? Retribution is not only impossible, but inconceivable.

Finally, you mention that perhaps the Jews are also the instrument of salvation. Then you add that if anyone has had anything better to offer he has failed to speak in the last fifteen years. Certainly the U.N. is a far more sensible approach to world problems. It may not meet with overwhelming success, but

it represents a more rational attempt than the pathetic spectacle of Eichmann's being tried by the "Chosen People."

Cambridge, Mass. ALFRED J. ALCORN

Mr. Alcorn's statement that Jews were not "chosen to die any more than anyone else" is not quite accurate. Jews and gypsies were killed discriminately, as a matter of deliberate policy; others were killed indiscriminately.—EDITORS.

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EDITORIALS

Deeds, Not Words

One of the slogans of the Eisenhower administration, especially cherished by the late John Foster Dulles, was that the Soviet regime would have to show its *bona fides* by deeds, not words. It will be instructive to see how we ourselves stack up on the basis of this criterion. Here is Vice President Lyndon Johnson, accompanied by Ladybird and thirty members of Congress and officials, on the first leg of a 28,500-mile trip to explain the American cause to the world. "The United States must and will commit the full strength of its great capacity, the full moral force of our devotion to peace, the full energy and vitality of our people to the cause of human freedom everywhere," said Mr. Johnson.

Note: *everywhere*. How about Angola, then? The people of Angola are not free, but they wish to be free. They are proving it by deeds, not words. Almost all the news comes out of Angola through the official Portuguese agency, Lusitania; all of it is devoted exclusively to the atrocities of African terrorists and the heroism of the Portuguese Army and Air Force. Occasional items, however, get past the censorship and into the columns of the world press. "Thousands of colored people have been slaughtered and mutilated," reports a Baptist missionary, Rev. Clifford J. Parsons, who left Angola recently. "Every night, the Portuguese secret police have broken into houses and dragged Africans into the street where they were shot." The source of this quotation (*Newsweek*, May 15) also quotes a British correspondent from inside Angola: "The Portuguese Army and Air Force are carrying out reprisals on an appalling scale." The *Observer* has a correspondent in Leopoldville reporting similar tales of how the white man bears his burden when the black man seeks to relieve him of it. The Portuguese have 17,000 troops in Angola, and so far they have slaughtered 20,000 Africans. "The aeroplanes come over nearly every day now," an Angolan child tells the *Observer* correspondent. "They bomb the forest with fire bombs and when we run out into the open they shoot us with their guns. There are no more villages, they have all been burned."

From Lisbon comes a dispatch saying that NATO munitions and Portuguese soldiers of a NATO division are being sent to Angola. "Britain and America are

democratic countries," says an Angolan, showing napalm bomb fragments with arming instructions in English. "Why do you still support Portugal through NATO?" He should address his question to Lyndon Johnson when the expert on freedom arrives in Angola to look over the situation there. Or can it be that the apostle will skip Angola, and the United States will continue to supply NATO with arms with which the Portuguese can bring civilization to Africa? It may well be that the emissary will prefer to show the full moral force of our devotion to the cause of human freedom *almost* everywhere, but not in Angola under the present painful circumstances. It is easier to praise freedom with words than to support it with deeds.

Castro's Socialism

Castro must have some magic about him, not only in Cuba, but in Washington, D.C. When he renounced elections, the State Department fell to the ground collectively and lay as if dead; only after a time was Lincoln White able to rise and utter a few broken words in condemnation. When Castro announced that Cuba was now "Socialist," the State Department, accompanied by the entire American press, was in such agony that strong men could not endure the spectacle.

Yet the qualified experts on socialism do not seem to take Castro's pretensions as seriously as the State Department. Members of the Communist bloc are as skeptical as we are alarmed. Chalmers M. Roberts sums up the reasons in the *Washington Post*. The Soviet bloc is by no means taking Fidel at his word, says Mr. Roberts, and he gives evidence based on a sampling of Soviet diplomats in Washington. In the eyes of these practitioners, one does not become a Socialist merely by saying so. It takes decades of striving. Only the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia have achieved a state of socialism so far, and communism is only a goal of the future. Fidel may talk like Khrushchev — "parasites, exploiting classes, Yankee monopolists, imperialist, Fascist, reactionary clergy," etc.—but he also speaks of "little businessmen, little industrialists, little landlords," etc., with almost paternal reassurance. As for inviting Cuba to join the Warsaw Pact, it is unthinkable, according to the Red diplomats. Cuba is not Europe, for

one thing; they don't want more trouble with the United States, for another; and they just don't want Castro in the immediate family. His speech lacks "disciplined tones," they complain; here, indeed, East and West may for once agree.

Another peculiarity of the American reaction to Cuban socialism, or proto-socialism, is that, when identified with communism, it is unobjectionable in some parts of the world, but unspeakable in Cuba. Thus Mr. Smathers rises in the Senate and intones, "Mr. President, with the continuing success of Fidel Castro and the open declaration by him that Cuba is a Soviet satellite — just as much as East Germany, Poland, Hungary, or any other Iron Curtain countries — the efforts of Communists in Latin America have been redoubled." We may take it that Cuba and Poland are one in the spirit. But on the same day, Senator Wiley rises and says, "Mr. President . . . I would pay homage to the Polish people, who — despite the existence of a communistic system in their homeland — keep alive the spirit of freedom and independence." It would seem, then, that communism in Poland does not utterly damn the country and its people, but in Cuba it must be fought with fire and sword.

Full Circle?

Nathan Broch, a commentator for the *Los Angeles Mirror*, has come up with an idea which, as they say in show business, is a natural. "Laos," he begins, "is being lost to the West." South Vietnam is tottering. An impenetrable defense line, a *cordon sanitaire*, must be established in Southeast Asia. True, true; indeed, Vice President Johnson, with retinue, is on his way to the site of the impenetrable defense line to get some such project under way. Inescapably, there are difficulties athwart the road to Asian freedom. "Free enterprise capitalism," Mr. Broch points out, "cannot be appreciated by millions of coolies whose idea of property is confined to the heap of rice cupped in their hands." But they do appreciate guns. In these benighted jungles, the guns must be used by "tough, below-the-belt" guerrilla fighters. We have such specialists on our military payrolls and we expect to have more; President Kennedy is reading up on guerrilla tactics, and all Washington will follow his lead. But obviously we are never going to have enough professional jungle fighters; it is an occupation which American mothers do not choose early enough for their sons. Where, then, is the well-adapted, easily trained and inexpensive manpower to be found? The answer is obvious once it is stated: "Japan and its vast manpower resources are emerging as the logical mainstay for the defense of Southeast Asia."

Japan, Mr. Broch points out, has been rearmed paral-

lel with West Germany, though with "less candor." Another difficulty is that pacifism has made inroads in Japan such as it never made in Germany. This "psychological hurdle" can, however, be overcome by dramatizing the threat to Japan itself. Mr. Broch asks Mr. Johnson to consider the Japanese reservoir of manpower seriously, before the political disintegration of the region becomes irreversible.

One other objection is disposed of handily. Under the constitution which we imposed on Japan, she renounced forever the will to war. This difficulty is not met head-on in the scheme as outlined, but where a truly great cause is involved, such as stopping communism, treaties and constitutions are, after all, only scraps of paper.

Yet a gnawing doubt remains. Even in show business, the natural often becomes less natural in the making and turns into a flop at the box office. "There simply is no other way," says the commentator who, we may be sure, did not conjure up the idea from his inner consciousness. The 600,000-man force of Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa must stay where it is to threaten China (and its Chinese are too old, while the Formosans are unreliable). The South Koreans are tied down on the 38th Parallel. The Filipinos have scarcely enough manpower to defend their long chain of islands. The Thailanders and the South Vietnamese, like their colleagues in Laos, may not fight.

But as soon as one concludes there is no other way, the tendency is to think wishfully that the one way *must* work. Unfortunately this does not follow. Sometimes there is *no* way. In this instance, how will the Burmese react? The Cambodians? The Indians? The Japanese themselves? The rest of the world? Even if Japanese armies can be put into the field, will it not be plain to all that, in fighting communism all over the world, the United States is exhausting itself and losing whatever scruples it had left? Is it desirable to give rise to such suspicions? Desperation is the weakest form of diplomacy, and still weaker in war. The Pentagon and its satellite think-factories had better do some further research on this latest and loveliest version of the let-Asians-fight-Asians scheme, before laying any cash on the barrel-head.

Elections in Haiti

When Fidel Castro renounced elections the other day the roof fell in, not in Cuba to be sure, but in the United States. Fidel was denounced, and not unjustly, as mocking both the theory and the practice of democracy. Our zeal for democracy drops off sharply at the eastern tip of Cuba, however, and is non-existent by the time it reaches Haiti, separated from Cuba only by a narrow strait. On May 9, it was announced in Port-

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au-Prince that the Haitian dictator, President Dr. François Duvalier, had been elected to a new six-year term on April 30, although his present term does not end till 1963. This remarkable event left the legions of American journalism calm; many papers, in fact, overlooked it completely, as did radio and television. *The New York Times* gave it a few inches on an inside page under the caption, "1,320,748 Haitians Voted for Duvalier." Apparently few, if any, of the 1,320,748 knew that their master was standing for election, much less that they were voting for him. They were voting for Deputies to serve in the unicameral legislature. Only the names of well-known Duvalier partisans were allowed on the ballot. This is *comme il faut* in Haiti and excited no remark; for that matter, no one is allowed to vote unless he is a Duvalier partisan. But over the name of each candidate for Deputy there had been printed the words "Doctor François Duvalier — President." Thus the good doctor received a unanimous mandate from the voters, and is now in office till 1969.

This episode shows how stupid Fidel is. Haiti is an economic dependency of the United States and Dr. Duvalier can always count on us for a few millions when he is in more trouble than usual. The average Haitian cannot read or write and lives on \$75 a year. Duvalier wants more money from the United States, but this will not necessarily show up in the Haitian worker's pay envelope. Most of the university students are angry with Duvalier, and are attracted to Castroism. The United States, it is clear, is repelled by Castroism because Castro derides elections; it assists Duvalier because Duvalier is a firm believer in the electoral process, as he has just proved.

A Test for Rockefeller

It is time for the GOP to immerse its blue-blood leaders in the muck and mire of urban politics. No phase of government is more disastrously mismanaged, and nowhere are voters more in need of genuine alternatives. The issue has a special urgency in New York, where Governor Rockefeller is an active candidate for the Presidency. Senator Jacob K. Javits (Rep., N. Y.) spurned an effort to draft him for the New York City mayoralty. Did the Governor try hard enough to make him accede? Or is Mr. Rockefeller adhering to standard GOP state operating procedure, namely, to let the Democrats worry about the monumental problems of New York City, while the Republicans command the pleasant heights at Albany? The Republican Party follows much the same procedure elsewhere. As much by design and connivance as by necessity, the Republican Party has delivered the sorely-put-upon millions of Boston, Chicago and other large cities to one-party Democratic machines of varying degrees of competence (or incompetence) and integrity (or corruption).

The Republican Party and Governor Rockefeller have an obligation to cooperate with other elements in offering a feasible alternative to Mayor Robert F. Wagner. It may once have been smart politics for the Republicans to make a "patsy" of a Democratic Mayor, thereby ducking responsibility for the city's problems while pointing the finger of righteous scorn at Tammany Hall. But that day is gone. If the citizens of New York are once again robbed of a choice, they will, if they are shrewd, hold the Governor and his party responsible for what amounts to their virtual disenfranchisement.

DR. BUCHMAN'S HOLY WAR

MORAL RE-ARMAMENT . . by Richard Harris

OVER THE PAST year, the non-Communist world has been subjected to a last-ditch publicity campaign advertising Moral Re-Armament, a movement that promises to save mankind if it will only listen. During this period, MRA has done its best to make itself heard by distributing eighty-seven million copies of a book-

RICHARD HARRIS is a free-lance writer; his last contribution to The Nation, "Murder One" (September 17, 1960) won a Longview Foundation Award.

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let called *Ideology and Co-existence*; by running hundreds of full-page advertisements in prominent newspapers around the globe, including better than 130 in the United States in one month alone; by showing several MRA-produced movies and plays here and abroad; by selling and giving away thousands of books, pamphlets and magazines; and by carrying on determined evangelical efforts on the part of its followers.

According to MRA, its efforts have been well worth while. In a full-page ad (entitled "THE HOUR IS

LATE/HERE IS THE ANSWER/FOR GOD'S SAKE, WAKE UP!") that appeared in *The New York Times* on two successive Sundays last January, the group described, at some length, its endorsement by public figures around the world. Chancellor Adenauer, it noted, had launched, just the month before, "an ideological offensive for Moral Re-Armament in the German Federal Republic." Prime Minister Kishi stated, after the student riots of June, 1960, "But for Moral Re-Armament, Japan would be under Com-

munist control today." President Kasavubu, appearing before a gathering of warring whites and blacks who had been brought together by MRA, said, "You have found the secret of liberation for Africa. All men must think how to give this moral basis to the country." Man-nath Padmanabhan, who led the revolt against the Communist provincial government in Kerala, in February, 1960, reported, "The 15,000,000 people of Kerala—Hindu, Christian and Muslim—stand together with Moral Re-Armament to turn the tide of Communism in Asia and the world." Eudocio Ravines, a former believer in communism and the founder of its party in Peru, said, "The best export the United States of America or any nation can send to Latin America is Moral Re-Armament." And General Ho Ying-chin, wartime commander of the Chinese Nationalist forces, announced, "Only with Moral Re-Armament can we recapture the mainland from Communism." Space in the advertisement was too limited to mention that MRA has been publicly supported by a good many other notables, past and present, including General John J. Pershing, Henry Ford, Robert Schuman, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd and his brother Harry, Karl Mundt, Norman Vincent Peale, Richard Nixon and Mae West.

The Dynamics of Change

However, as an observer remarked some twenty years ago, "It is far easier to applaud MRA than it is to define or explain it." That view is no less valid today. All that is clear—at first, second and third glance—is that MRA sees communism as a mortal threat, which it alone can counter. How this is to be managed remains rather unclear. About the closest one can come to a statement of purpose is the conclusion to the appeal in the *Times*:

Men must learn to have a faith that will create the right revolution. If we can spread this revolution fast enough we can save America and the world. Unless we have this revolution there will be a revolution of chaos. It needs this stronger dose. Sin leaves us with such a dull, heavy thud. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." That

is the discovery everyone is looking for. That is the answer.

The quotation is from a speech made last year by Frank N. D. Buchman, the movement's founder—or, as MRA calls him, the initiator, since God was the founder. Today, Buchman, an owlish, portly, bespectacled man of eighty-two, heads this sprawling, loosely knit, ethico-religious organization ("organism" to its supporters), which is made up of an unknown number of followers (not members, for there are no rolls, no dues, no congregation) whose main occupation is working in teams to ease industrial, racial and political strife. The only way to accomplish these ends and to thwart the Communists, MRA holds, is to change the world by first changing man. "Upon a foundation of changed lives permanent reconstruction is assured," Buchman once said. "Apart from changed lives no civilization can endure."

While most, if not all, social innovators have tacitly accepted as their first premise that man is by nature imperfectible and have dealt with him in his fallen state, Buchman set out to re-create a sinless Adam who is ready to move back to the Garden as soon as everyone is in a similar condition of perfection. "I saw that when I obeyed God, miracles happened," he elaborated. "I learnt the truth that when man listens, God speaks; when man obeys, God acts; when men change, nations change."

Although MRA denies it, essentially it is a secret society that works more or less undercover and that refuses to divulge any pertinent facts about its operational and financial setup. While this leads one to wonder if the group is hiding something, it also, unfortunately, compels an appraiser to piece together the existing fragments of historical information with the cement of conjecture. With this reservation, it appears that Buchman runs the movement through a seventeen-member Council of Management, situated in London; that there are probably a couple of thousand full-time workers, who get bed and board from the organism and everything else from sympathetic donors; that it accomplishes much of its work through small cells

in rather devious ways; and that—in addition to its nine hotels and inns in Caux, Switzerland, its three-million-dollar center at Mackinac Island, Michigan, its sumptuous headquarters on Berkeley Square, London, its offices in various cities throughout the world, and its 277-acre estate in Westchester—it has a great deal of money on tap.

In the Beginning

Any study of Moral Re-Armament is inevitably a study of Frank Buchman. According to his self-appraisal in *Who's Who*, what made it possible for him to change humanity was his "knowledge of human problems gained in America," on the basis of which he "initiated a program of life which issues in personal, social, racial, national, and supernatural [sic] change." On the whole, Buchman gained this knowledge in a fairly commonplace manner. Born in Pennsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1878, he graduated from Muhlenberg College, in Allentown, and the Lutheran Theological Seminary, in Philadelphia, and was ordained into the ministry in 1902. Stung by the taunt of a fellow-seminarian that his overweening ambition was not his most Christian virtue, Buchman went to work among the poor of Philadelphia and in time established a hospice for homeless boys. Before long, he had a falling out with the directors of the hospice, who planned to cut down his charges' rations, and resigned.

Reduced in both spirit and health, Buchman went to Europe for a rest, which he finally found in a small church in the English countryside, where a female revivalist provided him with a religious experience. As he later described that event, "I had entered the little church with a divided will, nursing pride, selfishness, ill-will, which prevented me from functioning as a Christian minister should. The woman's simple talk personalized the Cross for me that day, and suddenly I had a poignant vision of the Crucified." Upon his return to the United States in 1909, Buchman settled down at Pennsylvania State College as YMCA secretary, a position that he kept until 1916. Today, MRA pronounces that it was initiated in 1921—in a more historic and enlightened setting—but

at least one biographer has named Penn State as the birthplace of what Buchman calls "life-changing," which then consisted of extracting confessions from adolescents who, cleansed, hopefully went on to lead cleaner lives.

In its literature, MRA quotes Chou En-lai as saying "We can slip our Communist ideology in through the weak spots in men's characters." Doubtless, the statement appeals to Buchman because he knows from half a century of employing this technique how well it works. As any priestly confessor or psychiatrist who handles teen-age boys will attest, adolescent guilt is largely sexual in content. While the psychiatrist studies such guilt to see what part of it is the result of frustration, anxiety, fear, abnormality or normality, and the priest dismisses most of it as growing pains, Buchman puts it down as true sin, for he has reportedly estimated that 85 to 90 per cent of *all* sin is sexual. This conviction may be the reason that he never married. In any event, it is most certainly the foundation of his movement.

Surgery on Eros

Following a tour of the Far East under YMCA auspices during which Buchman gathered a number of converts, including his first adults, by the same methods and also, according to one historian, "developed his ability to extract money from converts painlessly," he went to study at Cambridge. After spending a year there and accomplishing little more than to become known around the campus as Old Moral Uplift, in 1921 he switched his attentions to Oxford. In the view of a Catholic commentator, Monsignor Leon-Joseph Suenens, Bishop Auxiliary of Malines, Belgium, "To conquer Oxford was to win . . . England. Buchman knew it." As Buchman has since recounted, it all began one evening while he was strolling through the grounds of Christ Church College, meditating the question, "How can one man change the world?" The answer came to him in what he knew was a direct communication from God. It went: "First one man changed, then two, then four, then eight. A million changed. A whole nation changed."

Convinced that this was not just

a divine revelation but a command, Buchman quickly jotted it down in a notebook so he wouldn't forget. Then, proceeding to the next step in the geometric progression of conversion, he chose as his first subject an undergraduate named Loudon Hamilton, whom he challenged to an honest evaluation of his acts and motives. Citing his own case, he told the youngster that if he admitted his past sins and surrendered himself to divine guidance, God would speak to him directly. Hamilton resisted. Buchman kept after him. Eventually, Hamilton gave in, and he, too, began to listen to God and to write down the messages. "I, a Scot, accepted three meals a day and a bed and no salary to give my life to the movement at Oxford," Hamilton later said. "It takes God's guidance to make a Scot accept a situation like that."

Buchman's technique in eliciting confessions was, and is, known as "soul surgery" and its effects, when successful, as "washout." According to one commentator, Walter Houston Clark, "The task [is] greatly facilitated if the soul surgeon [can] discover, through intimate acquaintance, the areas of insecurity, guilt, anxiety, unhappiness, or 'defeat' in the life of the prospective convert." Quite early, Buchman apparently found that the most effective method—described by one writer as "employing a spiritual rubber hose"—was to operate with a group, including the prospects and a clique of those who had already undergone the knife and who were quite ready to tell their wanton tales to prompt the reticent. The inflammatory nature of those sessions can easily be imagined, for, as the late Alva Johnston pointed out in this connection, "there is sometimes an aphrodisiac quality in the most furious diatribe against lust."

Mary Magdalene in a Dior

In time, Buchman evolved the basic methodology of his movement—initially called "A First Century Christian Fellowship" by insiders and "Buchmanism" by outsiders. It required all adherents to practice four absolutes: honesty, purity, love and selflessness. Followers were called

upon to set aside an hour or so just after rising—the "quiet time"—to listen to God. "Make a great silence within you, a great void," advises an MRA pamphlet. "Ask God what He has to say to you, then wait." If one is properly receptive, God will speak and instruct—on everything, from what you should eat for breakfast to whether you should work full time for the movement. These "luminous thoughts," which are officially known as "guidance" or "the dictatorship of the Holy Spirit," are to be written down in a notebook always carried for that purpose. Afterward, believers get together in small groups ("no lone-wolfing" is one of Buchman's prime tenets) and discuss their guidance by reading to one another from their personal books of revelation. This step, called "sharing," is to make certain that the guidance was actually from God and not merely some intrusive private thought in divine masquerade. Then each person's guidance is checked for authenticity by the others on three grounds: (1) Is it absolutely honest, pure, unselfish and loving? (2) Does it fit in with the speaker's individual faith? (3) Is it in accordance with Christ's teaching in the Bible? (In practice, some guidance is better than other guidance. The group's is better than the individual's; the Council of Management's is better than the group's; and Buchman's is best of all. As his followers often say, "Frank's guidance is always right.")

During the next few years, Buchman built a cadre of Oxonians (which led him to change the movement's name to the Oxford Group) and, according to one account, they "sped along a sex-tinged confession path, mainly among the moneyed class." A fellow pastor, E. P. Pfatteicher, who knew Buchman in the early days, recalled that he had always had a passion "to hobnob with those in positions of social prestige." Nor was he alone in his admiration, for the Oxford Group soon attracted lesser converts from among the upper middle class. As Clark noted, "The sordid truth is that snob appeal is part of the Group's stock in trade." Before long, Buchman had become soul surgeon to a sizable

portion of the British aristocracy and its hangers-on, and was soon holding his meetings—or house parties, as they became widely known—in great estates throughout England. “It has been the great achievement of Frank Buchman,” Edmund Wilson stated, “to put patent-leather pumps on the Christ of the missions and get him into a dinner jacket, and to give him for Mary Magdalene a refined Anglo-Saxon lady, chastely but expensively gowned.”

In the view of the late religious and social historian, Ernest Sutherland Bates, Buchman was able to accomplish this quite easily, since “The ruling aristocracy of Great Britain is tired and ready to welcome a philosophy of escape.” Of course, Britain had just fought its greatest war; it had suffered calamitous losses; and it had its own lost generation, some of whom were among Buchman’s earliest followers. When any ruling class is shaken—by events and its own culpability—it invariably attempts to restore itself by means of a compromise that will essentially preserve the old ways and the old benefits. In this sense, Buchman’s solution had great appeal, for he was content, even eager, to leave the social structure quite alone. Then, too, any man who survives a war is bound to feel guilt—for not having done enough, for leaving behind his dead comrades, or, perhaps worse, for his profits. Moreover, when such a situation is compounded with sexual guilt, which maturity in years diminishes but rarely dissolves, the outcome is scarcely surprising. On this ground, it is worth noting that during the movement’s early stage, it appealed far more to men, with their heightened sex drive, than to women, with their bent for the mystical. In addition, of course, a leisure class has more time and facilities for sexual sinning as well as the fastidious sensibilities to be upset about it. All in all, the British aristocracy had Chou’s weak spots in abundance.

God the Millionaire

In the mid-twenties, Buchman and his top aides moved on to the United States. They were far from successful—possibly, Bates pointed out, because Americans were less

weary, more self-confident than their cousins. Apparently hoping to match the academic coup he’d had abroad, Buchman went to Princeton, and although he changed a few students, when news of the erotic nature of his meetings came to the attention of the president of the university, he was told to leave and never return. This reverse, Dr. Clark commented, “sounded the death-knell of Buchman’s revival in American colleges,” and compelled him to shift his base of operations back to England.

Before leaving, he traveled through the East, stopping off at such places as Charleston and Newport, where, through his British friends, he made contact with a good many influential people. Wherever he and his men went, they traveled first class and put up at the best hotels. When asked about the outlay for this standard of living, Buchman shrugged. “Why not?” he retorted. “Isn’t God a millionaire?” As Bates observed, “The first-century Christians shared their little property and were guided to persecution and death; their twentieth-century followers shared their little erotic excitements and were guided to the Hotel Plaza.” Alarmed by growing criticisms of this sort, Buchman moved to quash them by limiting intimate confessions to private conversations in small, sexually segregated groups and by working more with the lower classes. He already had access to the latter, for, as *Time* magazine remarked, “Not a few U. S. socialites have rallied to the faith of God the Millionaire to make the pleasurable discovery that if their servants were ‘changed,’ too, they became much more pleasant and effective.”

Upon his return to England, Buchman set out for bigger game. “Mr. Buchman always had a fondness for men in key positions,” Bates recounted, “but to gain their adherence was now the central point in his program.” In the summer of 1936, after a tour of the Continent, he arrived back in New York, and said to a *World-Telegram* reporter, “I thank heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler, who built a front line of defense against the Antichrist of Communism. My barber in London told

me that Hitler saved all Europe from Communism.” His own hope, he added, was to convert Hitler and establish a “God-controlled fascist dictatorship.” Subsequently charged with being pro-Nazi, Buchman cited in his defense a Gestapo report on the Oxford Group, which came to light during the war, and which stated, in part:

At the very moment when we are making efforts to suppress Christian conviction of sin, which appears to us the first step towards enslavement of the German, a movement is emanating from the Anglo-Saxons, who are racially related to us, which regards just this consciousness of sin as a basis for change in national relationships.

In effect, Buchman wanted to know how he could have been sympathetic to the Nazis if they realized that his approach was antithetical to theirs.

In the Munich Spirit

During his first dozen and a half years of operation, Buchman concentrated on gaining converts through personal evangelism. But in the spring of 1938, he enlarged his goal to include economics and politics. To start with, he held a meeting at the East Ham Town Hall, in London, a labor stronghold, and announced the beginning of a worldwide campaign of God-guidance, which he called Moral Re-Armament. God sent him the idea—and the name—one day while he was walking in the Black Forest, he said. In announcing that the time had come for England to rally to him (“God used to tell me in 1921 that there would be a mighty awakening of God’s Almighty Spirit in this land,” he reported), Buchman told his audience, “Moral recovery is essentially the forerunner of economic recovery. Imagine a rising tide of absolute honesty and absolute unselfishness sweeping across the country! What would be the effect? What about taxes? Debts? Savings?”

During and after the Munich crisis, one commentator noted, Buchman “was busily engaged on the Continent and in England in presenting his principles of peace in our time and appeasement to English statesmen.” Not long afterward,

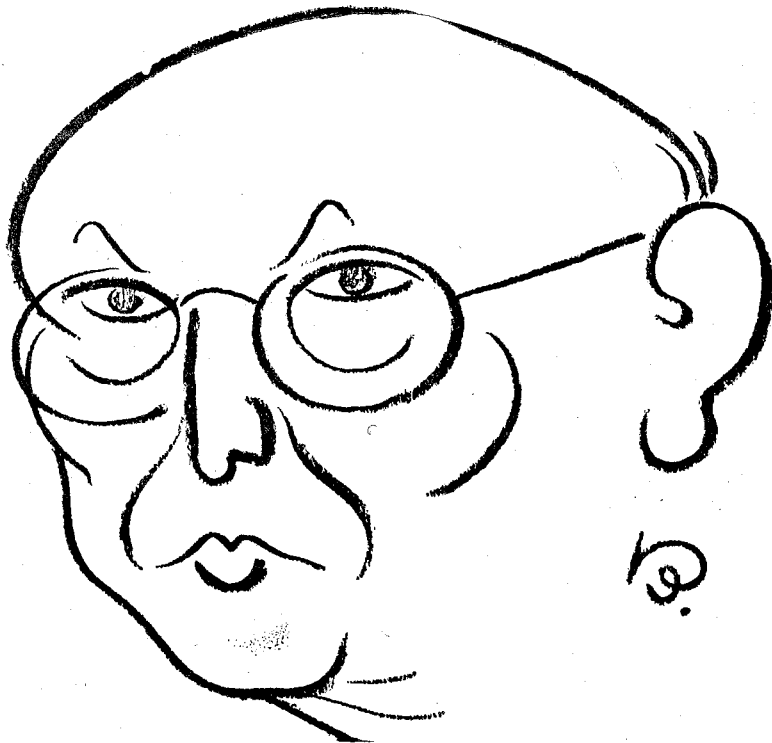
The NATION

Buchman returned to his homeland to talk of peace. In July, 1939, he appeared before an overflow audience at the Hollywood Bowl, and announced, "Tonight is a preview of a new world." When that new world erupted, Buchman settled down to countering charges of pacifism, appeasement and pro-Nazism by sending out MRA teams, or "task forces," to put on their playlet, *You Can Defend America*, before audiences of workers. According to Senator Truman, then chairman of the Senate War Investigating Committee, the group's efforts were impressive. Some others disagreed with his estimate, among them the officer in charge of Selective Service in New York when twenty-eight of the group applied for deferment from the draft on the grounds that they were aiding the war effort. "I regard this group of registrants as the most detestable specimens of draft-dodgers which have yet come to my attention," he said.

On the Labor Front

At this distance, it is difficult to determine exactly when, where and how Buchman got engaged in industrial work on an appreciable scale. As early as the mid-thirties, he and his people were involved in trying to settle labor-management differences—during a Longshoremen's strike on the West Coast. But it seems fairly clear that this area became one of MRA's primary concerns as a result of the experience and publicity it gained during the war. Possibly, Buchman started out with the encouragement of some sympathetic businessmen who shared the socialites' view that MRA made one's help more agreeable. In any case, the switch required no change in Buchman's economic outlook. In a postwar speech entitled "Turn on the Light," much of which dealt with labor problems, he said, "All people, I know, want to live happily together. We don't want to be disturbed. But we have to be. It is a thing that affects our taxes, and things that affect our taxes touch everybody."

MRA's methods of reducing industrial strife are simple. As described by Dr. Clark, "The party to



Frank N. D. Buchman

a labor altercation is changed by the Group's influence . . . and then proceeds to admit to his opponent that he is wrong. The opponent mellow, admits he has been wrong, too, and a new era of comradeship opens for all concerned." Observing that MRA's efforts in the labor field had brought high praise, all of it coming directly or indirectly from MRA, Dr. Clark concluded, "Its influence on labor has been very spotty at best." Others have expressed themselves more vehemently. At a 1953 meeting of the anti-Communist International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, in Brussels, an executive-board report accused MRA of attempting "to interfere with trade-union activities." In passing, the report noted, "[MRA] needs strong financial support for the upkeep of its considerable machinery, etc. These amounts can by no means come from the workers in the ranks of its supporters. The movement needs these funds, and this certainly means that it has to make concessions, scarcely in keeping with the original Buchman program, to those who donate the money." Moreover, the report added, MRA's claims about settling industrial disagreements were "fantastic and contrary to the facts."

In Washington not long ago, Tilford Dudley, a Harvard lawyer, New Deal administrator, member of several Protestant church bodies, and currently head of the AFL-CIO Speakers Bureau, described his association with MRA. "Back in the early fifties, when I was assistant director of the CIO Political Action Committee, their man in Washington started to get friendly with me," he recalled. "He invited me to some of their plays and to lunch and to get-togethers at a big mansion they either own or have the use of here. I went along with it. They said they believed in brotherhood, and I said I couldn't disagree with that. They never tried to convert me, but I suppose they used me. They always had a number of foreign visitors around, and I can see that they said—or at least implied—that here was Dudley, an important man in the union movement and a friend of theirs. Anyway, I did finally break with them. I think I understand the Communists as well as most people—certainly as well as Moral Re-Armament. I've lost jobs because of the Communists' lying about me. I've been beaten up by Communists more than once. And I've spent a good part of my life fighting them. Well, MRA sent me some literature that was an

outright attempt to make the cold war worse. I got so mad I sat down and wrote a letter to them, saying that this approach was in direct violation of their own stated principles of brotherhood and conciliation. A month later, their man here invited me to lunch. He brought a couple of supporters with him, including Gandhi's grandson. They show him off whenever they get a chance. That mail I got would have made Gandhi's blood run cold. Well, we talked and talked and got nowhere. Finally, on the way out, I took the man I knew aside and said to him, 'Look, this is where we part company. It's perfectly clear to me now that you people are allying yourself with the forces of the extreme Right. You're making a bid for power.' That was the last I heard from him."

Miracle of the Money

As a tax-exempt organism, MRA is not required to and does not publish financial statements. Where the many millions of dollars that Buchman has spent over the years have come from is indeterminable. Some of it, assuredly, has been contributed by elderly women like Mrs. John Henry Hammond, who donated her \$175,000 estate, Dellwood, near Mount Kisco, New York, in 1950. It has also been suggested that a larger share may have been invested by businessmen and industrialists—privately rather than corporatively, since stockholders would be likely to question the purpose. Whatever the sources of the money, there has been a lot of it. Geoffrey Williamson, a British reporter, attended an assembly at Caux a few years ago and reported that most of the full-time officials "had clothes of Savile Row quality and cut," and that a lot of them had smart cars at their disposal. Moreover, the food served was of the quality of a first-class establishment, particularly in the "little dining room," where Buchman and his aides ate. "Some people may require a different kind of food," one of the latter explained to Williamson. "It may be that they have reached a higher stage of spiritual development." In view of Buchman's remark that "good Christians and good living go together," a fifth

absolute might well be absolute com- fort.

Sir Arnold Lunn, author of *Enigma*, a sympathetic book on MRA, once asked Buchman where his operating funds came from. "I never ask for money, either in print or any other way," Buchman answered. "I do not bother about finance, but as you ask a definite question, I will try to answer it. The money we need turns up somehow." A less wide-eyed investigator than Lunn might have observed that MRA has a system of seven-year pledges of money for certain generous donors, and that Buchman can thus calculate fairly closely how much money will be coming in over a given period. In addition, he sometimes falls back on other means. Lunn was quite won over by evidence for Buchman's statement that "when God guides, God provides"—in the case of the money turning up somehow for the transportation of a 135-member task force on a trip half way around the world. He was unaware, though, that they had been ferried on a fifty-seven-day, 11,000-mile tour of Asia and the Middle East aboard three U. S. Air Force planes. After remarking that "it is possible that many Americans would, if they understood MRA, find Communism less nauseating," *Time* magazine disclosed how the Secretary of the Air Force had refused MRA's repeated appeals to provide government transportation until a group of Congressmen descended on Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson and convinced him that the trip should be subsidized. In substantiation, *The New York Times* stated, "For a long time Moral Re-Armament, Inc., has been exerting pressure on Mr. Wilson and on members of Congress to allow the touring group to travel on Air Force aircraft. Twenty-three Senators and Representatives joined the organization in urging the Defense Department to accommodate it." As matters turned out, there were some embarrassed men on the Hill when it was divulged that the MRA morality play, *The Vanishing Island*, which was put on during the trip, ridiculed the basic ideals of America; in it, freedom was dismissed as self-indulgence, public elections as a way to avoid responsibility, and democ-

racy as jargon. None the less, in the end MRA paid for less than half the cost of the junket, and the taxpayers provided the rest—\$135,000.

By Divine Short Wave

A friend of Buchman's once said of him, "It is impossible to understand Frank at all unless he is thought of as always in God's presence." A sampling from Buchman's speeches over the years will give some idea of the fruits of that relationship:

Any man can pick up divine messages if he will put his receiving set in order. . . . Moral Re-Armament is the scenario of a Golden Age—a God-directed production. . . . America can no longer be lulled into a false sense of security by dreaming of the sweet by-and-by. We must face the nasty now-and-now. . . . Suppose everybody cared enough, everybody shared enough, wouldn't everybody have enough? . . . The new alignment in the world is between the nations who think and the nations that will not think. . . .

The speeches also contain a good number of homely tales about those whose lives were changed through Moral Re-Armament. Take John, "a labor leader": "I always wanted my wife Rose to change and to be a perfect wife, to be where I wanted her to be and do what I wanted her to do, always. I never thought I should change a little too. That did not occur to me."

Most of the rest of Buchman's speeches consist of endorsements of MRA made by important people. According to one report on this aspect, "A great feature is made of ex-Communists, who in their 'change' have given up one set of unquestioned doctrines and 'lines' that they may not submit to intellectual criticism for another uncritical surrender." On the whole, it seems to be a basic principle among high-level MRA tacticians not to say very much about what MRA is when they deal with influential men. In the late thirties, Joe Martin, minority leader of the House, signed a statement praising the movement, and when he was asked about it later, he answered, "Sure, I'm for MRA, whatever that is. It's just like being against sin." But as the Christian

Herald pointed out at the time, MRA "uses these names freely; the not too alert listener gets the impression that most of the great of the earth have actually joined." In reality, though, no one of real importance has. None have attacked it, either, for it would take a flagrantly self-destructive leader to question any form of religious revival which, by its very nature, tends to make the citizenry more docile.

Protestantism Gone Mad

Moral Re-Armament's religious content was described some years back by Reinhold Niebuhr as "supposedly a revitalization of Christianity but in reality the final and most absurd expression of the romantic presuppositions of liberal Christianity," and a few months ago he added that "it is certainly completely empty and pretentious." In Ernest Sutherland Bates's analysis, Buchman had merely combined the two most influential religious sentiments of his Pennsylvania background—Lutheranism and Quakerism.

The Lutheran Church, which never broke away completely from its Catholic origin, retained auricular confession as a means of spiritual growth [Bates wrote]. According to Quaker belief, it was possible for every man to obtain spiritual guidance from God by consulting the Light Within. Through combining these two essentially antagonistic principles, as no one with a logical mind could have done, and vulgarizing both of them in subject to salesmanship needs, Dr. Buchman was at last able to cross-breed the exotic flower of "Buchmanism."

In effect, Buchman took Luther's apostasy to its extreme by symbolically tacking his four theses to the door of Christ Church College and founding a religion with no creed, no church, no form of worship, no concept of the deity, no sacraments, no congregation, no dogma, and no hierarchy—in short, Protestantism gone mad.

For his own part, Buchman has denied that MRA is a religion as such, and defines it as "a gateway to the church." His reasons appear to be twofold: first, he has been warned by Rome that its communicants, who are said to be numerous in the MRA

labyrinth, cannot participate unless he leaves theology out of it and concentrates on social works; and, second, to make it a world-wide movement, it is, of course, essential to tone down what Buchman earlier called its "Christian bias." In fact, in Asia today, MRA proselytizers often neglect to mention Christ at all.

On semantic grounds, though, MRA fully qualifies as a religion if one takes literally the Latin root of that word—"religio," meaning "restraint, taboo." For to MRA absolute purity means absolute celibacy. This restriction is mandatory for single followers and strongly advocated for those who are married; in fact, it appears that couples cannot have children unless they are so guided, not by themselves but by the group. Buchman's early foundation has thus become the temple. Although asceticism of this sort has gripped various sects and cults over the centuries—among them the Essenes, the Gnostics, the Manichaeans, the Flagellants, the Shakers and the House of David—its essential abnormality, not to mention its ultimate self-destruction, is symptomatic of a frantic flight from reality. If one can say that most religions are based on the fear of death (particularly Christianity with its posthumous terror and exaltation), it can equally be said that Moral Re-Armament is based on the dread of life.

Not to be ignored, either, are the generally accepted psychological effects of a group on its individual members. First, as Freud suggested, the love energy of each person tends to be focused inward, toward the group as a whole, while his hatred flows outward, toward non-members. Second, the love is, in a sense, real love, and becomes increasingly intense if, by means of confession, guilt is transmuted into gratification; and as the internal love increases, so does the external hate. Finally, in the view of Oskar Pfister, in *Christianity and Anxiety*, each member also "becomes uncritical, credulous, and unreasoningly accepts the most incredible assertions that may be drummed into him." In the end, when unreasoning hatred is multiplied by the factor of total frustration, it can only have a potential of destructive fury.

The Road to Politics

In 1955, the Social and Industrial Council of the Church of England issued a report on MRA that had been compiled by eighteen clergymen and laymen (with two of the latter dissenting). By all odds, it was the most outright, across-the-board condemnation that MRA had met with up to then. However, when the Church's Annual Assembly convened to consider that matter, among others, the technique that was soon to confound Charles Wilson proved equally effective, for the report was ultimately shelved. "I have had experience of what is meant by pressure groups," the Archbishop of York said afterward, "but I have rarely experienced such concentrated pressure as during the last few days from those who are associated with MRA."

Noting at the outset that "a certain blindness to the duty of thinking is a characteristic of the movement" and that "we have at times been haunted by a picture of the movement . . . as a colossal drive of escapism," the committee, after finding it unsound on psychological and theological grounds, went on to consider its social and political implications. One result of MRA's general outlook, it observed, was that such tasks as

. . . political action, planning the little details of social organization, become despised when set beside the great possibility of "change," and so men are diverted from the hard day-to-day intractable problems of politics and of industry, and escape into a sentimental and perfectionist attitude that revels in all the brash slogans, yet refuses to translate them into practicalities. . . . And far from inducing social change [individual good will] all too easily becomes an excuse for not seeking good social change, and to that extent acts on behalf of the *status quo*.

Continuing, it stated that just as MRA had failed to take the nature of God seriously and by using Him solely for practical affairs, had made Him "adjectival," so it "fails to take the nature of politics seriously." And it was precisely because of this superficial approach to the world's immensely complex problems, the re-

port added, that Buchman hoped to solve matters through a "God-controlled fascist dictatorship," because he had "failed to see the deep social and economic roots of German totalitarianism, that Hitler was a symptom as well as a cause, and that dictatorship is not bad just because it has a bad man as dictator." As an example, the committee offered the possibility of there being "a slave-owner who genuinely sought to observe the 'four absolutes' of MRA—who was a better master for that—and yet who might fail completely to see anything socially evil in slavery."

TEN YEARS ago, Dr. Clark commented that MRA was "marching farther and farther down the road to politics." If the group's widely distributed pamphlet *Ideology and Co-existence* is any evidence, they have arrived. Although it is a wild and whirling document on the whole, it contains the first expression of a political stand—if not a program—that the movement has made. "Selfish men and selfish nations can drag the world to total disaster," it states. "A new type of man, a new type of statesmanship, a new type of national policy—this is our instant need, and this is the purpose for which Moral

Re-Armament has come to birth." Communism is the challenge; MRA is the response. "A recent Finnish visitor to the Kremlin was told that the greatest obstacle to the advance of Communism was Moral Re-Armament," the pamphlet states and adds, "The Communists therefore do their best in every country to keep people away from Moral Re-Armament by misrepresentation or silence in the press, by threats, or by a whispering campaign of lies." At the same time, it continues, the Communists push forward along four fronts: "The Peace Front," "The Cultural-Exchange Front," "The Church Front," and "The Co-existence Front."

The section on "The Peace Front" consists first of a statement by the Communists, in 1931, that war between communism and capitalism is inevitable; then, without so much as a nod in the direction of nuclear stockpiles, the text quotes Khrushchev in 1951: "We don't have to go to war to obtain . . . victory. Peaceful competition will be enough." That ends the discussion of peace. On "The Cultural-Exchange Front," since "every move of the Communists is designed to lull us and make us feel that all is well" (which will come as something of a surprise to the State Department), we should

have nothing whatever to do with Russian culture. Third, we should keep a close eye on our churches and schools, which are prime, and often willing, targets of Communist subversion. And, finally, we should also reject the idea of coexistence, for that, too, is merely another Communist subterfuge. "Moral Re-Armament is democracy's true ideology," the pamphlet explains. "That is why the choice for the world is not war or co-existence. It is Moral Re-Armament or Communism."

Although one who respects the syllogism might object that even if the West were thoroughly rearmed morally, it would still be confronted by the question of war or coexistence, MRA disagrees. It is all very bewildering—until suddenly the pieces fall into place. At the end of the pamphlet, Buchman says, "The battle is between Christ and Antichrist." Recalling that he formerly referred to communism as the Antichrist, one sees, then, that when Moral Re-Armament becomes the state, the state becomes Christ. And since the Antichrist cannot, by its essence, be converted, it must be destroyed. At last, the love-hate bursts its intolerable restraints to reach what seems an inescapable conclusion—a holy war.

VICTORY and DEFEAT at the U.N. . . by Jane Stolle

United Nations
NO U.S. DELEGATION to the U.N. enjoyed greater prestige than the one which Ambassador Adlai Stevenson led into the General Assembly shortly after President Kennedy took office on January 20; no U.S. delegation enjoyed less when the Assembly session came to a close on April 22. The sudden, plummeting descent came in the last five days of the session—the five days following the invasion of Cuba. That Mr. Stevenson's personal reputation was diminished by the affair would seem to be a small matter compared with

the blow suffered by American prestige; yet, so far as the U.N. was concerned, the two were intertwined, and what otherwise might have been merely a personal tragedy turned out to be part of a national one.

The fall was the greater, of course, because we started so high. Mr. Kennedy's campaign speeches had raised hope everywhere that a new era of international understanding and mutual helpfulness was about to begin, and his appointment of Mr. Stevenson to the chief American post at the U.N. was accepted as proof, here as elsewhere, that the new President meant what he had been saying. So all the blocs at the U.N. turned uniformly friendly faces toward the new

U.S. delegation as it entered the Assembly for the first time. The Africans, who had read Mr. Stevenson's speeches and books, felt they had a powerful friend in him; Latin Americans hoped for a return to the Good Neighbor Policy; the uncommitted nations of Asia and Europe looked for the easing of cold-war tensions and opportunities for increased neutralist maneuverability; even Ambassador Zorin, the USSR's chief delegate, thought it best to wear a smile (an encouraging change from the uninhibitedly hostile behavior of Premier Khrushchev a few months before). And whatever misgivings the colonial powers (past and present) entertained toward the new U.S.

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policy, they hid them well; after all, these powers were our oldest friends and staunchest allies in NATO.

It was, indeed, with vast relief that the ninety-five non-nuclear powers in the U.N., longing to escape from the cross fire of the cold war, heard Mr. Stevenson say at his first press conference on Jan. 27:

The United States will not always have its way [in the U.N.], we know, but I hope we will always have a decent respect for the opinion of others and will act reasonably in settling disputes, reducing armaments, achieving normal relations, even with those with whom we disagree.

The knowledge that Mr. Stevenson, before accepting his new post, had demanded and received from the President a wider mandate than his predecessors had enjoyed encouraged delegates to believe that American reaction to U.N. issues would be quicker, clearer and more sensitive than in the past. For too long, the U.S. mission had been considered here as merely an arm-twisting appendage of the State Department, where all policy was made. The mere presence of a man of Mr. Stevenson's stature emphasized the importance of the role planned for the U.N. by the architects of the New Frontier.

THE FIRST vote taken by the new U.S. delegation—that on the Angola issue in the Security Council—was indeed a fateful one. Unexpectedly, the United States broke with a traditional ally, Portugal, to side with the anti-colonialists. That the resolution (it asked for an investigation of Portugal's bloody suppression of riots in her African colony) did not pass mattered less than that we had taken a position which, while it dismayed a few old friends, delighted some fourscore new ones. The vote went far toward erasing the image of this country as a "colonialist stooge" created by the position we had taken toward the end of the first part of the Fifteenth General Assembly. At that time, we had opposed a resolution, sponsored by forty-three Asian and African states, calling for the "speedy and unconditional" independence of colonial peoples. It was common knowledge here at the time that the American

delegation, then headed by Ambassador James Wadsworth, had fought desperately with the State Department for permission to support it. But President Eisenhower had given a personal promise to Mr. Macmillan, and proved adamant.

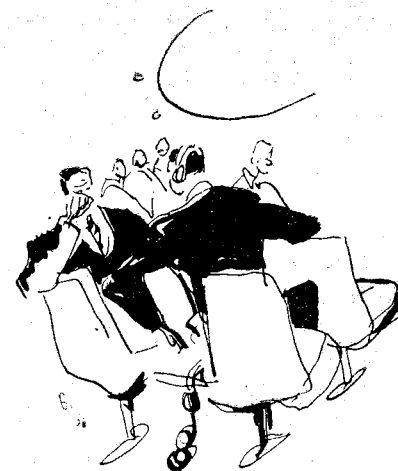
The enthusiasm engendered among the anti-colonial states by our Angola vote was somewhat tempered by our subsequent opposition to the proposal that sanctions be imposed against the Union of South Africa because of her policy of apartheid. But even the African countries admitted that a milder resolution (requesting all states to consider separate and collective action against South Africa), which finally passed, and which did win U.S. support, constituted meaningful progress. Yet, after the giant American stride of the Angola vote, the baby step on apartheid seemed nevertheless puzzling. Had U.S. policy changed, after all? What *was* the new American policy?

AS ITEM after item, half of them involving Africa, came up for vote, the answer began to emerge: the American policy was one of "elastic selectivity." Whereas formerly the United States could be depended upon to vote against almost any proposal the Soviet Union favored, delegations "friendly" to the United States—in U.N. parlance, those voting with us—now no longer knew what to expect, nor how to vote. Some wondered whether our new elasticity was indeed proof of our sincere desire to treat each issue on its merits, or merely of a lack of State Department cohesion. As a result, on occasion some "friendly" delegations cast maverick votes; but this phenomenon was more than offset by the increased respect we won from other quarters, including the Russians. To counter the new, free-wheeling U.S. policy, the Soviet Union moved toward still more extreme positions than was their usual wont—positions from which they often had to retreat because of lack of support from the smaller member nations.

Outside of the committee rooms as well as inside, Mr. Stevenson moved rapidly to consolidate the growing

lines of communication between the United States and the emergent states of Africa. Luncheons, conferences, formal and informal meetings with African delegates filled his unofficial hours. Junior members of the U.S. mission joined their African colleagues for coffee in the Delegates' Lounge. This was a far cry from the days when the ultimate in contact between these representatives and the American delegation was a perfunctory handshake. "Their heads will be turned," one non-African delegate said sourly. "First the Russians courted them, now the Americans. They can call the tune in this popularity contest."

He was mistaken, as became apparent when the question of a U.N. aid program for the development of



the new African states came up. Stevenson opened the debate by expressing the hope that the discussion would lead to an "African initiative . . . so that it will be clear to the whole world that [the aid program] is by, of and for Africa." But Jaja Wachuku, the fiery, outspoken Nigerian who came to epitomize the New Africa in this Assembly session, suspected "bait" with "a hook attached"; he demanded a concrete program from the United States, a "statement in dollars." Mildly, Mr. Stevenson suggested that a program might be worked out conjointly. Ten days before the session was to end, the Africans submitted a far-reaching, detailed program and demanded its immediate consideration, although there had been expectation that no resolution on the subject would be proffered before the State Department had had time to study the text.

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The United States succeeded in postponing the item until the next Assembly. Some Africans, and particularly Wachuku, were bitter at the U.S.-maneuvered delay.

But what this country lost in Africa as a result of the controversy, it more than regained in Latin America and Asia. Though strongly supporting the emergent African states in their struggle against colonialism, the Asians and Latin Americans are also a part of the "underdeveloped" world, and themselves need help. Pressed now by Africans to share long-held, hard-won positions of importance in U.N. committees, and remembering their own lonely, unaided struggles against colonialism in the past, they were not entirely displeased to see the Africans get a bit of comeuppance. "It is perhaps interesting to note," one Asian said gently, "that there are at least ten countries in Asia with a lower per capita income than any in Africa." And a Latin American noted: "We think your new Ambassador can see that in Africa, as well as in Latin America, there is a need to be patient with some of us while we make economic reforms that are essential to economic stability."

ON THE CONGO issue, there was never any question where the United States stood: UNOC (United Nations Operations in the Congo) must remain until order and political stability are achieved in that unhappy country; and, as a corollary, the Soviet attack on the Secretary General must be foiled.

The United States had hoped that a Security Council resolution, approved on Feb. 21, had disposed of the Congo question, at least for the time being. Mr. Stevenson told the General Assembly that, as a result of the resolution, the U.N. force in the Congo had been strengthened, efforts were under way to effect the withdrawal of Belgian military and paramilitary personnel, and steps toward political reconciliation had been taken. "One should stop pulling up the roots of this fragile plant every few weeks," he said.

Few heeded his admonition, and least of all the Soviet Union. After long and vituperative debate, UNOC

was saved only by a hair from financial disaster and complete withdrawal, and the Secretary General was still at his post, even if somewhat shaken. The Congo problem is still far from settled, and the Soviet attack on Mr. Hammarskjold is only in temporary abeyance. But given the deteriorating situation in the Congo, and a U.N. situation which the new U.S. delegation had inherited, the two negatives make something very close to a plus.

SO, AS THE Assembly moved into the final week of meetings, the consensus was that the new U.S. delegation had done well and that Mr. Stevenson had undergone his baptism of fire in admirable fashion. The Sixteenth General Assembly in the fall could hope for even better things to come.

But the "Cuban disaster" came first.

There is no need to delve once more into the arguments which Mr. Stevenson used, at the U.N., to deny or to justify the United States involvement. His repeated denials of Mr. Raul Roa's charges were simply not believed. "Semantics" was the kindest comment on the performance; the word "lies" had a wider circulation. "I would not take \$100,000 to be in Mr. Stevenson's shoes," said one Latin American delegate. "What a painful position for a man of principle." Mr. Stevenson's attempt to defend the indefensible elicited more compassion than contempt: "He is only carrying out his government's orders," it was said. The theme was picked up and gleefully embellished by the Soviet delegation. Said Mr. Zorin:

I must regret that Mr. Stevenson, who spoke on this [Cuba] matter today, said things which were so utterly remote from reality and justice, things which the world is not accustomed to hearing from his mouth. But unfortunately, these things have been said, and the world will have to get used to hearing things of this kind falling from Mr. Stevenson's lips.

The utter disbelief, shock and dismay with which Mr. Stevenson's words were received were shared even by our staunchest allies. Only four

of these—Britain, Canada, Italy and Australia—spoke in the debate, and then only on procedural questions, not on the merits. In the end, a sufficient number of Latin American votes came to the support of the United States to defeat a drastic Mexican resolution and to approve a mild one exhorting member states to do what they could to relieve existing tensions. But there is no doubt that if the people of Latin America had voted, instead of their Ambassadors, the Mexican resolution would have passed.

It is a measure of the stature which Mr. Stevenson brought with him into the Fifteenth General Assembly that his fellow delegates found it easier, at the close of the Cuban debate, to pity him than to condemn him. Yet no statesman has ever been nourished by compassion; and one wonders what his influence will be on the course of the great debates which will come up again in the next Assembly.

IN THE quiet week following the end of the Assembly, in a corner of the now-deserted Delegates' Lounge, a diplomat from an ancient Eastern civilization told me:

"Perhaps it was best that the Cuban incident happened so early in the new Administration. Your country expected too much of your young President and his distinguished Ambassador here. There will be other Cubas, many more apparent slippages toward communism. They are inevitable in the evolutionary process of an underdeveloped country. Your country must not attempt to turn back history in an effort to halt it in the making. Your Ambassador understands that, I think. I do not know about your young President. He is said to be a young man in a hurry. He will not be able to stem the trend toward authoritarianism in the underdeveloped world in a hurry—and certainly not with guns. Perhaps after a decade of impartial aid in the urgent task of modernization of societies capable of modernization, the non-Communist world can replace the Communist myth with a new image. It is no use to lament the lure of the Communist idea for poor peoples—to

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punish them for believing in it, or parts of it. The Christian principles which your missionaries inculcated in the leaders for independence of many of the new countries could be usefully practiced as well as preached.

"Did you know that in the newest country to gain independence, Sierra

Leone, the hymn, *Lead Kindly Light*, was sung at the celebration—just before the new national anthem? Members of the opposition party heard it from the prison where they had been confined to 'prevent disturbances' on that joyous day. The country's economy is based on coffee, cocoa and

diamonds—all underexploited. Does your President understand the implications of that picture? If he does, and he encourages his Ambassador at the U.N. to implement that understanding in the United Nations, your country will regain the prestige it lost on the Cuban beaches."

THE REPORT THAT WON'T DIE

THE CIA IN ALGERIA . . by Alexander Werth

Paris, May 8.

THE strong allegations that General Challe and his fellow-conspirators had been encouraged by the CIA (or "certain CIA agents") to embark on their "hopeless venture" (but *was* it so hopeless?) are still very far from having been disposed of by a variety of official denials from the American side. True, in the *New Statesman*, "Charon" — who recently succeeded Kingsley Martin as writer of the "London Diary" — dismisses it all by simply announcing: "I don't believe a word of it." This seems all the more irresponsible as, two days later, the well-informed Henry Brandon of the conservative *Sunday Times* (London) reported from Washington that Kennedy was "exceedingly irritated" by the stories of the role played by CIA in the Algiers putsch, and had asked the French Government for specific proof. Brandon added (quite correctly) that although French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville had declared the incident "closed," he had, in fact, "not really denied the rumors." The clear implication of Mr. Brandon's dispatch was that Kennedy was not at all convinced that the rumors were entirely baseless.

HERE in Paris, responsible persons are still convinced that the rumors had a solid basis in fact. In a long article in *l'Express* (a paper, by the way, very closely associated with the *New Statesman*: they share information and correspondents),

ALEXANDER WERTH is The Nation's European correspondent.

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Claude Krief, one of its Algerian experts, reports the following:

Both in Paris and Washington the facts are now known, though they will never be publicly admitted.

In private, the highest French personalities make no secret of it. What they say is this: "The CIA played a direct part in the Algiers coup, and certainly weighed heavily on the decision taken by ex-general Challe to start his putsch. . . ."

Certain American personalities at NATO and in the Pentagon encouraged Challe. On December 7 last, Krief says, M. Soustelle, one of the most determined champions of "French Algeria," during a lunch in Washington with several members of the CIA, including Mr. Richard Bissell, head of Operations, explained to his hosts that Algeria was threatened with communism. Most of the Algerian government leaders were pro-Communist, M. Soustelle declared, Ferhat Abbas being merely a "façade" intended to reassure the West. He made a great impression on the CIA people, according to Krief. Not only did he convince them that Algeria would become, through de Gaulle's blundering, "a Soviet base," but that the infection would spread to France, where there would be a Popular Front and, before long, a Communist regime.

The next episode related by Krief is a meeting in Madrid on April 12 between "various foreign agents, including members of the CIA and the Algiers conspirators, who disclosed their plans to the CIA men." The Americans, echoing what they had heard at NATO, angrily complained

of de Gaulle's NATO policy, which was "paralyzing NATO and rendering the defense of Europe impossible."

General Challe, for his own part, had had several meetings with CIA agents, who had told him that "to get rid of de Gaulle would render the Free World a great service."

Krief then says that Challe, despite an overweening ambition, is very cautious and serious-minded. "All the people who know him well," Krief writes, "are deeply convinced that he had been encouraged by the CIA to go ahead." Recently, the writer adds, "Challe is believed to have been told by certain American agents: 'If you succeed rapidly — i.e., in less than forty-eight hours — in pulling off a technical *coup d'état* — you can depend on our support.'"

Once Challe had launched his *coup*, he indeed promptly declared that the "aim of the resurrection movement was to save Algeria from the machinations of de Gaulle and the 'Algerian Government' who would let Algeria fall under Communist domination." And, as Krief points out, one of Challe's spokesmen then added that Kennedy could not go against the Algiers generals, since their aim was to keep Algeria in the Western camp.

In Madrid, meantime, Krief writes, CIA agents were saying that if the generals succeeded, the United States Government would recognize the new French Government within forty-eight hours. They were satisfied that there would be no violent reaction from the French people, and that the Army, the police and the

"loyal" guards would not resist a Paris putsch. CIA agents are also supposed, on the Sunday, to have informed Washington that the generals were most likely to win, and that it would be a grave mistake for the United States to support de Gaulle, who might well allow a Popular Front government to be set up, whether he liked it or not.

Krief makes a number of other interesting points: whereas the U.S. Ambassador in Paris apparently knew nothing of what was going on, the Spanish Ambassador in Paris, on instructions from Franco, tried on the eve of the attempted putsch to inform M. Couve de Murville of what was about to take place in Algiers. (It is curious that, despite the very odd behavior of the Spanish police, who allowed General Salan to escape to Algeria, Franco is now supposed to have wanted to *help* de Gaulle.

KRIEF very largely attributes the collapse of the putsch and Challe's decision to surrender to the sudden discovery that Kennedy — through his famous message to de Gaulle offering him *any* help — took the very opposite of the CIA line.

Now, this seems perhaps much too simple an explanation. For one thing, we do know exactly why, and in what circumstances, this Kennedy message was sent. Many French observers thought the message was "a psychological blunder of the first magnitude, since de Gaulle would be the last man to want foreign aid in a struggle against fellow-Frenchmen." But this again may be a wrong interpretation. Perhaps to discourage the rebel generals, de Gaulle may have *asked* Kennedy for this message. Or did Kennedy send it spontaneously, simply in order to dissociate himself publicly from the activities of the CIA — about which, by this time, a great deal must have been known in Washington? But would Kennedy's message have committed him to anything if the putsch *had* succeeded within a day or two?

Kennedy's message may have played a part in "discouraging" Challe, but there were certainly other factors which played a much more

important role. One was the open resistance to his venture on the part of the ordinary French conscripts in Algeria; another was the failure of a number of officers and regular Army units to join the putsch; still another was the reaction in France on the part of the working class, with the suggestion that an attempt to seize power in Paris *might* (though not necessarily *would*) start a civil war in France. And decisive was Challe's failure to capture the naval base of Mers El Kebir, owing to resistance from the French Navy. There is also another explanation: there was lack of coordination between Paris and Algiers; either the Algiers putsch came too early or, for some still unexplained reasons, the Paris putsch was delayed.

What is certain is that de Gaulle

is still surrounded by enemies; since these did not "uncover" themselves, they will continue with their plotting. And the same is true of the French Army in Germany, stuffed with ex-Algiers Fascists. The most striking fact is still that, on the great panic night of Sunday, de Gaulle wasn't able to call to his aid a single regular Army unit.

IT IS ALSO certain that a government to succeed de Gaulle was almost ready to take over. Many of de Gaulle's ministers, it is widely believed, would have gladly jumped on the Challe bandwagon. Papers like *L'Aurore* and *Parisien Libéré* were already almost openly for Challe and one of the big-circulation weeklies had, on the Sunday, already set up an editorial welcoming



Le Pelley in Christian Science Monitor

"The Footprints Are There—Let's Follow Them."

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the change of regime. It is said that the very pro-NATO M. Pinay, who is also loved for his orthodox financial methods, would, in the new government, have reassured both the United States and the French bourgeoisie.

We may learn a great deal more

about the putsch if and when the trial of General Challe takes place. It is whispered that he could spill so many beans about countless persons in de Gaulle's and Debré's immediate entourage that there is a very serious danger that he might — in a manner fairly familiar to the

French police — be “suicided” while still in jail. However, it may be taken for granted that de Gaulle, at any rate, is extremely anxious that this should not happen. He even wants the Challe trial to be public, despite some strong protests against this from some of his own ministers.

The Threat of Bigness to Science . . by Charles M. Herzfeld

LARGE-SCALE scientific endeavors are here to stay. It seems most unlikely that we will ever go back to the pre-World War II way of doing science, when individuals worked in small groups, in basements, garages, summer cottages, doing research often supported by their own money, or that of their friends.

Today, we see large programs (often involving the work of hundreds or thousands), and we wonder: Is this still science? What is happening to the truly creative people? And this question reflects a more general one: Can society, highly organized and centralized as it has become, still preserve human dignity, creativity and freedom?

First of all, let us remember that large-scale research has made it possible to tackle problems which were completely out of reach before. High-energy nuclear physics often requires accelerators whose cost may approach \$100 million. The International Geophysical Year coordinated the work of thousands of scientists in dozens of countries, resulting in an enormous improvement in knowledge of our planet.

Obviously, large-scale research is essential for the *pursuit* of many creative ideas in science; but one can argue that it stifles their oc-

currence. The problem of organization *versus* creativity arises in its sharpest form in basic research, especially of the knowledge-oriented type, i.e., research pursued in quest of knowledge itself, with no specific practical application in mind.

How much research of this type is there in the United States today? Budget figures are comparatively easy to come by, but hard to interpret for our purpose. The total research and development budget (for all fields of science and engineering) in the United States for 1961 is perhaps \$13 billion. Of this, about 70 per cent comes, directly or indirectly, from the federal government, 20 per cent from industry, the rest from universities, foundations, the states, etc. Of the total perhaps, only 10 per cent should be called research (about \$1.2 billion); and of this, perhaps 10 per cent (about \$120 million) goes to knowledge-oriented activities. Figuring at an over-all cost of \$30,000 annually per independent researcher, this means that only some 4,000 independent researchers are engaged in knowledge-oriented pursuits in all fields. This comparative handful of people provide the real driving force of scientific thought. The preservation, and, if possible, development, of their creative activities is essential.

TO WHAT extent has bigness actually limited creativity? This is again very hard to estimate objectively. One objective (though not very profound) criterion is found in a survey by the American Institute of Physics which shows that 47 per cent of the papers published during 1958 in the *Physical Review* (the

major basic physics journal in the United States) were by individual authors, the rest by several authors. This would seem to indicate that “team work” has not swamped the scene. Yet most scientists and many administrators are concerned about the problem.

The conflict of organization and creativity can be analyzed on two levels: the *structural* and what might be called the *prophetic*.

The Structural Problem: There is first of all the inescapable fact that in any organizational structure, the activities of everyone interact with those of everyone else. This can be a great source of stimulation and of support, but it can also lead to excessive competition for status, the available resources, and so on. In large organizations, this often leads to direct or indirect attempts to control what people do; i.e., it constitutes a direct attack on their creativity. These are obvious aspects of the structural problem, which have been discussed many times.

There are less obvious aspects. For example, who is responsible for the social use of scientific results? The debate over the use of the atomic bomb in 1945 provides a spectacular case. The same question arises every day, in a less dramatic way, in industrial and government laboratories. The scientific community is widely split on the question: some scientists assert that all they are responsible for is their work, and that what is done with it is none of their business; others believe that their responsibility extends to the application of their work, and find that they cannot collaborate in any enterprise where

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they have no determining voice in the major decisions.

The scientists' creativity may be affected by a very real concern with this problem, and with a related one: How can one operate in a situation where one disagrees with basic policy? Commonplace enough in any large organization, the problem has some special features when it arises in a research body. Policies must, of course, be decided on the basis of broad "strategic" considerations, but the advice of the scientist to the policy maker is at least in part based on scientific facts and arguments. Perhaps the scientific adviser exaggerates (unconsciously) the degree to which his advice is firmly grounded on scientific considerations, and (particularly when his advice is not taken) tends to underestimate the scientific basis of the policy maker's argument. Hence, to the scientist, the conflict looks like "politics" *versus* "science"; to the policy maker, it often looks like special pleading by the scientist. This problem arises whenever purely scientific considerations must be superseded by managerial ones; for example, when budgets are prepared or staffing plans made. Clearly, managerial decisions impose an additional limitation upon the creativity of the scientist.

OF COURSE, the fact that a scientist cannot be "made" to have ideas, nor forced to work, gives him a potentially powerful defensive weapon. As long as there is a shortage of really good scientific personnel, scientists can force important changes in their conditions of employment. This has resulted in better salaries and increased support for basic research.

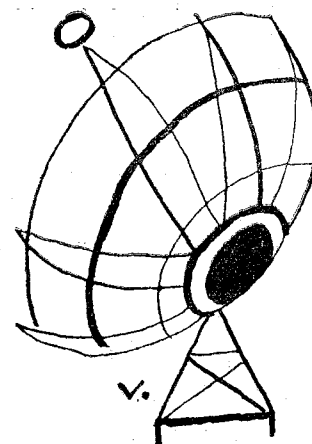
The final, and perhaps most important aspect of the structural problem is this: How do the changes which take place in science affect the ways in which science is done? To put it differently: How is the social organization of science affected by changes in the *method* of science? The formal method, the "scientific method," does not seem to have changed much since the late twenties; but there is a good chance that the *informal* method, the *art*

of *doing science*, has changed significantly. Because quantum mechanics and the special theory of relativity are "good" scientific theories, which have great power to predict and to systematize, the art of doing science has become much more deductive than the formal method would lead one to think possible. Does this not have a considerable effect on the way in which the doing of science is organized and how it operates? Thus, it is much easier now than it was fifty years ago for an administrator, or a senior colleague, to discourage a line of investigation by purely theoretical argument. How many discoveries are not made because of this phenomenon? This increasingly deductive feature of the informal method may trap the scientist, and it changes the balance of power between him and the "organization." In this way, his creativity is endangered as the intellectual control over him increases.

THE structural problem presents a danger to creativity because control and direction become easier, and it becomes more difficult for a radically new idea to establish itself.

The Prophetic Problem: This affects the roots of the interplay between the creative person and society. The scientist is expected to do creative research, to search for the truth; yet in some way or other he is told *where* to search and, in some measure, *how* to search. This element of direction becomes particularly important (and not wholly avoidable) in large-scale research. But by what right does anyone tell another that he must think about certain problems and not about others? How, in fact, can this be done? In a sense, this problem arises in all employer-employee relationships, but here the difficulty is amplified greatly because the activity of the "employee" is so highly creative. The creative scientist gives very much more of himself than someone in a less creative activity, and this giving of himself makes him particularly vulnerable.

The situation is, in point of fact, not very different from that of a creative artist who is "employed" to do a certain "job." One can detect here



the same incongruity, and its inherent dangers.

The conflict arises because the scientist must get resources for his work, while the administrator, who controls the resources, must accomplish his "task." For the scientist, the problem is to keep his own integrity while agreeing to work in a larger framework, and on problems which are perhaps not wholly of his own choosing. The problem of the administrator is to accomplish his task without violating the freedom of the scientists engaged in the work.

IT seems to me that this conflict is so sharp today because nearly everyone thinks of the obvious *immediate* social value of science (its effect on technology, hence on the standard of living), to the exclusion of science's *long-range* value. The short-range view persuades everyone (including the scientist) that science must be useful in order to be justified. But this is surely an incomplete view; it neglects the long-range contribution of the scientist, the contribution which he can make to society precisely *because* of his freedom and creativity. This contribution is much like that of the artist. Camus has said that "the work of art, by the mere fact that it exists, denies the conquest of ideology." Similarly, the *creative* scientific idea, by the mere fact that it exists, denies the "social usefulness" interpretation of science. The scientist is, therefore, also a witness to freedom and, like the artist, can never be completely committed to any closed ideology. In a

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certain sense, his science must always "come first."

This freedom of the scientist means that, in the long run, he is an overturner of society, a revolutionary, a *prophet*. The role science has played in the history of ideas demonstrates this. Perhaps this long-range revolutionary effect on thought, together with the constant witness which he bears to human freedom, are the most significant contributions of the scientist.

A proper appreciation of the prophetic role of the creative scientist, which he must play if society is to progress, may transform the conflict between organization and creativity. First of all, the scientist will understand better the nature of his contribution to society, and will learn to value his basic (and hence "non-useful") contribution more highly. At the same time, society

may learn that it really needs this gadfly, this "troublemaker," and may learn to become less hostile to him. Secondly, everyone will come to realize that the conflict between organization and creativity is inevitable. It is basically the same sort of tension and stress which operates between the artist and society, a tension and stress common in human affairs, and often the occasion of profound progress.

Somewhat more down to earth, the administrator of the basic-research enterprise must see these dimensions of his activity. He must learn to appreciate the rare nature of creativity, its importance to society; and he must learn to protect and foster it. After all, while the conflict between society and the creative person can perhaps never be wholly eradicated, it need not be murderous or vicious. As a matter

of fact, the administrator must learn to *encourage* creative rebellion, outspoken criticism and radicalism in the ranks. He must see the fine line between utter chaos (which paralyzes) and mild chaos (which makes for creative turbulence). In sum, he must learn that administration is not a science, but is itself a form of creative art.

Society must learn to live with this radical — the creative scientist doing basic research. It must support him — rather well, in fact — and buy him expensive "toys" whose use society cannot understand. It must also engage him in constant dialogue, challenge him, ask him to explain both himself and his works. But most important, it must *believe* in him and in his contribution to society (even his prophetic one) — a contribution which it can never fully understand.

LAIR of the VOLKSWAGEN . . by Dan Wakefield

Futureville, Germany
I AM GLAD that it was not until after my visit to Wolfsburg, Germany, home of the Volkswagen, that I came across the following information in a series of newspaper articles reproduced in pamphlet form by the company:

Nordhoff [Heinz Nordhoff, director-general of the *Volkswagenwerke*] and his workers are really unanimous in their attitude towards anything "coming from outside," such as trade-union officials, outside capital, politicians, all second-rate people—in other words, towards all who do not belong to the VW organization, or run a Volkswagen.

Not only am I guilty of failing to own a Volkswagen, but I haven't owned a car of any kind since the '36 Ford that I drove to high school, which would hardly qualify me as a first-rate visitor in the eyes of Nordhoff and his workers. Luckily,

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I wasn't aware of this, and the VW folks were so gracious that I never once suspected my secondary status.

I was one of some sixty Americans brought over by the VW company from a variety of publications so diverse (e.g., *The Nation*, *Modern Tire Dealer*, *Art News*, *Field & Stream*, *Billboard*, *Practical Builder*, etc.) that our party could only be described en masse as A Gathering of Fugitives. We were taken to Wolfsburg, the factory town, for three days, and then whisked on a luxury sightseeing tour of Hamburg, Bonn and the resorts of the Rhine. But the three days in Wolfsburg were by far the most fascinating part of the trip, and offered us a rare glimpse into what is probably, for better or worse, the life of the Future. It might have been expected that the Germans would get there first.

The Volkswagen has been ahead of the times ever since Adolf Hitler first conceived of a "people's car" in 1933 as part of his "Strength Through Joy" movement for the German workers. It was then, in fact, so far ahead that 320,000 Germans

who had paid for their Volkswagens in the prewar years never received their cars or any refund, for the factory turned to war production shortly after the first cars came off the assembly line in 1938. (Today, 3,000 of those who paid up and got no return have formed the "Ex-Volkswagen Savers Association," which is suing the company for delivery. The company claims that the Nazi government and the Nazi German Labor Front, rather than the present *Volkswagenwerke*, were the parties to the contracts, which are therefore now invalid.)

The Wolfsburg factory was heavily bombed during the war—scale-model maps in the administration building proudly compare the bomb-wrecked plant with the present rebuilt and enlarged one—and when Nordhoff took it over in 1948, it seemed nothing more than a relic of the recent disastrous past. But Herr Nordhoff rallied the troops to the new battle (Nordhoff is spoken of as "The General," and the factory's success as "VW's conquest of the world"), and after only twelve years the *Volks-*

wagenteerke has become the largest independent motor works in the world outside America, trailing only Ford, GM and Chrysler. It has produced more than three million cars and commercial vehicles, has captured 40 per cent of the German market, and is sold in 123 countries. If there were any doubts remaining about the success of the Volkswagen, they were surely erased by the news, as reported in the pamphlet, "Biography of the Volkswagen," that

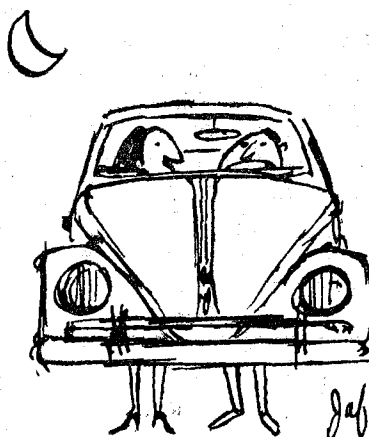
... Even America's gangsters, who are not slow to make use of the latest technical achievements, recently used it with success: after a bank robbery, hotly pursued by a police car, they got away through the thickest traffic in the center of Los Angeles by means of the little car from Wolfsburg, Germany.

AS BEFITS the German thoroughness of the whole enterprise, not only the Volkswagen itself, but the town where it is produced, has efficiently grown from the wreckage of the past to a model of the future.

When the war ended, 11,000 of Wolfsburg's inhabitants quickly departed—they were foreigners who had spent the duration in the "Strength Through Joy" town as Nazi slave laborers in the Volkswagen plant. In 1946, some 20,000 Germans remained in the village, but nothing much was doing, and many of them passed the time in nostalgic marches along the highway, singing old SS songs. But longing for the good old days of pogroms and party rallies didn't help current living conditions, and it was not until 1948, when Dr. Nordhoff was appointed by the British occupation forces to take over the factory (a former official of Opel, which built military equipment during the war, Nordhoff had been banned by the Americans from returning to the Opel works in any role other than common laborer) that both car production and the town itself began to grow. There is no mistaking Nordhoff's record of success and, according to the VW "Biography," "His secret has something to do with the graceful Japanese drawings on silk, and the statues of the Buddha which decorate one wall of his house—and

to which, in meditative moments, he bears an astonishing resemblance."

I did not, in all honesty, catch the resemblance to Buddha when Dr. Nordhoff greeted our party for a tour of the plant, but then, I was busy taking notes, and besides, the light was bad. Whatever the secret of the accomplishment, Nordhoff was proudly able to tell us that Wolfsburg not only had the highest car production of any town in Germany, but also had the largest number of children per family—"which in a way is related," he added. Lest any of us suspect that Dr. Nordhoff plays Henry Ford to Wolfsburg's



Dearborn, he assured the group that "We don't try to influence the private lives of the workers" and that their business is their own when they cross the Mittelland Canal that separates town and factory.

This admirable goal is difficult to realize, however, in a town where 72 per cent of the 60,000 inhabitants work for Volkswagen, and, as Dr. Nordhoff had frankly stated in welcoming us to Wolfsburg and the factory, "in a way, the two are identical." The Nazi's original branding of Wolfsburg as the "Strength Through Joy" town still serves as the best description of its atmosphere. Or, as one young factory worker told me, Wolfsburg is sometimes called "The Kansas City of Germany"—a comparison not to size or history, but to a similarly arid spirit. Homage is paid to Culture, of course; Wolfsburg, like Kansas City, has an excellent art museum,

We were told by our tour leader before we arrived in town that the natives had a saying: "For night life

in Wolfsburg, you take the train to Hannover." It seemed hard to believe that a factory town would be without a few bars, however, and I asked one of the public relations staff if there wasn't a place where the Wolfsburgers went to have a few beers, or dance, or listen to music. "There will be," I was told, "a bar in your hotel."

Spurred on by this evasion, I set out after dinner with two other curious visitors in the noble pursuit of booze and local color. We found our way to the Cafe Klewin, a bar and dance hall with a live combo. There were couples, parties and groups of young girls and young men at separate tables, and we luckily stumbled onto a young man who had worked in Detroit several years and spoke fluent English. He explained that most of the young men present worked in the VW office or in one of the training programs—"The guys from the assembly line don't come here, they don't dress up — they have their own bars where they just drink with other guys." The same class distinction didn't hold true for women, however. Our friend explained that many of the young girls in the place were production workers—"The way they dress up at night, you'd never know they worked on the assembly line."

VOLKSWAGEN employs boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen who work three days a week at the plant and study for two days at vocational schools. This, of course, is carried out under the most modern child-labor standards: according to Section 13, "Care of Youth," in the VW social benefits program, "Juveniles employed in piecework in the production lines of the factory are subjected to close supervision. . . ." Those whose health deteriorates are sent to one of the factory's convalescent homes in the Harz Mountains.

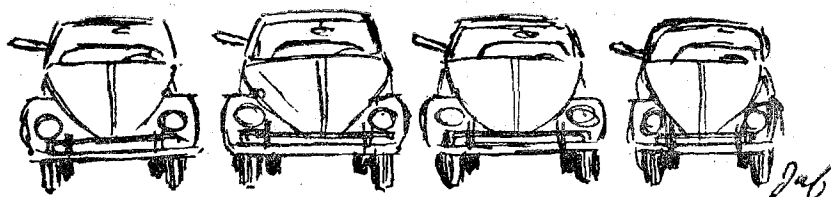
The kinship of factory and employees, bound together in what is called "The VW Spirit," was pointed out in another way by our friend at the Cafe Klewin. "The company," he said, "is like one big family—if you do anything wrong, one of your brothers will see it and soon the whole family will know."

The NATION

Young men come from all over Germany to join the Volkswagen "family," which is headed so ably by Father Nordhoff that, as the VW "Biography" explains, "The majority of the VW workers do not join a trade union; for they find that their interests are sufficiently well represented by 'The General.'" The men in the ranks have not lost their habit of discipline. Only about 40 per cent of the workers at VW are organized and, unsurprisingly, there has never been a strike. This is not an unusual case in the New Germany, however—there hasn't been a strike at any automobile factory in the era of the Federal Republic. After the war, workers were eager to get any job for any pay, and wages have steadily increased in the prospering economy, though even today most of the workers at the VW factory, whose pay is not untypical in the industry, earn less than a dollar an hour. (The average wage of the VW workers is 3.41 marks per hour, the maximum is 4.20—and this includes "incentive" rates, based on individual output, which figure in determining the wages of most VW workers.) Volkswagen, of course, offers not only such extra benefits as its company rest homes in the Harz Mountains, but life in the model town of Wolfsburg, in which "All houses without distinction have double windows, tiled bathrooms . . . and a 5.5-gallon electric boiler."

Despite these amenities, our English-speaking friend at the Cafe Klewin said that when he finished his training he hoped to go back to Michigan and open up a service station. Asked why he wanted to leave the "model town," he explained that "We have a saying in German: 'All that shines is not gold.'"

PERHAPS the only other place in Wolfsburg where this heretical view might be found is a bar called the Marina where, I was told, the local "beatniks" hung out. The presence of a beatnik in the model town sounded about as likely as the presence of an elephant in a Volkswagen, and I was anxious to see the phenomenon. Sure enough, the Marina resounded to juke box jazz and rock'n'roll, and there were boys who



wore sideburns and turtleneck sweaters. One of them who heard that there were three Americans at the bar came up to greet us, and I had a brief conversation with him. He said "Floyd Patterson, Sugar Ray Robinson." I tried "Charlie Parker"; he clapped me on the back and we shook hands. He explained to one of our group who spoke a little German that he worked at the Volkswagen plant, but was saving up to buy a second-hand Mercedes. That is the definition of a hipster in Wolfsburg.

This "underground" of Wolfsburg must not be taken as typical of the community, of course; in fact, we were met with shocked expressions and exclamations by most other citizens who heard we had been in these bars. One stilted young journalist on the local paper explained to one of our group that he mustn't judge Wolfsburg by such places as that. "The only people who go there are the ones who don't like the life in our town."

MORE typical of the citizens of this model community was a young executive and his family with whom I had dinner one evening. The VW public relations people had arranged the meeting, and they of course selected a model family. While the baby crawled playfully on his lap, the father explained to me that he and his wife had met at the Factory. He had been an economics student at Heidelberg and was required to spend a few months working in industry, and had chosen the VW works by chance. "But after a while here," he smiled, "I got a smell in my nose. It was the smell of Wolfsburg—the distinctive smell of trees and lacquer. I decided to stay." The young man chatted on about life at Volkswagen ("It's more than just a place to work. . .") in a manner that would have made an IBM executive sound like an anarchist, and, after a while, his wife excused herself and said it was time to put the

baby to bed. She returned to the room dressed in a white wrap-around that looked like a nurse's uniform, and picked up the child. The husband, beaming, said "Dear, would you get me my vitamins now?" I expected any minute to be offered a free polio shot.

ON MY last afternoon in Wolfsburg, I walked with two other visitors along the *Porschestrasse*—the wide main street of the town, named after the engineer who designed the Volkswagen—staring in the bright shop windows, the supermarket, the movie house (*Die Welt von Susie Wong* was playing), the clean modern buildings with neon signs ("*Trink Coca Cola*") and the hundreds of little "people's cars," all exactly alike except for different colors, that scurried along the street, and realized that this was indeed the model town of the future. With its order, its uniformity, its immaculate stores and sidewalks, it seems the kind of place that many suburban American towns aspire to be, but are still too undisciplined. The Germans are ahead of us in cutting off the rough edges of life and molding everything into a formula.

As we walked along we came to a crowd, and stopped to see what was happening. The people had gathered to watch a beggar who had set up a small table with different-sized glasses that he "played" by rubbing the rims to produce different tones. It was the only time I saw a beggar in Wolfsburg, and in fact, the only time I saw anyone or anything who wasn't in some way connected with the Volkswagen factory. He played *Lili Marlene*, and it sounded very beautiful, and very old, as if a lute player had stopped and played a medieval song on Madison Avenue.

The beggar was, of course, an old man, and I doubt that he—or his impromptu kind of music—will be around much longer in the model town.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Historians' Goat

CHARLES SUMNER AND THE COMING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By David Donald. Alfred A. Knopf. 392 pp. \$6.75.

Bernard A. Weisberger

DAVID DONALD'S life of Charles Sumner appeared last September and a smart horse player, reading the reviews, would have done well to place a bet on its nose for the Pulitzer Prize which it has just won. And deservedly so; David Donald is a solid scholar, and a historian with an unusual quota of psychological insight and literary skill. This biography, like his earlier study of Lincoln's biographer, William Herndon, is a tight, clear and level-headed piece of exposition. But whether it fully explains a complex and important man, whether it significantly increases our knowledge of the causes of the Civil War, and whether we are ready for an increment in such knowledge—these are questions of a different order, which cannot be answered without a sidelong glance at Sumner's ranking in the eyes of American historians.

The most striking note in the professional discussions of the book was the uniformity with which reviewers praised the author and damned his subject. "Arrogant, selfish, self-righteous, intolerant, and supremely egotistical," "amazingly contentious," and "totally unfitted for public life" are among the phrases employed to describe the Massachusetts Senator from 1853 to 1874. One historian declared that the book should be read by anyone wishing to know "how conceit and human weakness helped bring on the Civil War." All this may explain why, in fact, Sumner has had no formal biography in the last fifty years, and why, as Louis Ruchames has noted, his stock has fallen steadily since the gaslit era, when he was acclaimed one of the giants of the republic.

Mr. Donald's story partially clarifies these passions. Sumner was not one of the genial figures of American life. Born in 1811 to a struggling Boston lawyer, he endured a loveless childhood, and over-

compensated by driving himself to win honors in college and law school. He traded on his academic success to travel abroad and gain entry into the best British and New England circles, becoming simultaneously an intellectual and a social snob. Nevertheless, touched by the widespread humanitarianism of the 1840s, he became an active partisan of prison reform, peace and anti-slavery. But his reform was of special pattern: starting from generally accepted premises, he proceeded to denounce as morally obtuse, mentally corroded, all who disagreed with his deductions from those first principles. He interpreted disagreement as personal attack and to that he could respond only with violent castigation. He could no more argue, as a contemporary said, than a cat. He quarreled irretrievably with old friends, and alienated himself from the honors and positions in the Boston-Cambridge world that he sorely craved. Some unfathomed unhappiness made him drive himself, in a ghastly ritual of self-punishment, ever further from those whose admiration he needed. His gifts were good enough, however, to get him into the Senate. There

he became a Republican thorn in the side of slavery, lashing all, South and North, who took conservative ground on the question, in a voice that suggested God's own, and in prose somewhat ornate for modern taste, barbed with learned, studied insult. When, in 1856, a member from South Carolina beat him unconscious with a walking stick in the Senate chamber, there may have been some covert cheering in Massachusetts. Yet he was back in his seat, doubly powerful as a "martyr," in 1861. There Donald leaves him, pending a second volume.

YET granting all this unpleasantness, something remains to be explained in the anti-Sumner bias. There *was* a provoking charm to the man; despite a pompous and humorless personality, he was literally loved by dozens of talented families. It was Sumner, not his friends, who usually set afoot the destruction of these relationships. He had his faults, but he was no more doctrinaire than Calhoun, no more conceited than, say, Webster, no more orotund than Thomas Hart Benton, no more eccentric than John Randolph, no more vituperative than any number of Southern demagogues whose brayings have filled the halls of Congress since Appomattox. Yet all these men have found advocates. Why so few for Sumner?

For one reason, because he is best remembered for his postwar career, as yet untouched by Donald. He was a major draftsman of the hard Reconstruction policy, and from 1900 until quite recently American teachers of history (with a few exceptions) have been afflicted with a sense of guilt over the alleged sins of the North in attempting forcibly to remold Southern society and politics. They have been almost eager to denounce "vindictive" and "doctrinaire" Reconstructionists, with Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens catching most of the lightning. Moreover, Sumner was a vigorous opponent of segregation (in Massachusetts, too) and the historical profession, generally conservative, has surprisingly little charity for men who have tried to deploy the power of the state to enforce racial equality.

Then, too, in curious fashion, both "liberals" and "conservatives" have found the Sumner type unpalatable. Those who claim it to be the genius of our political system to function without ideology naturally have little use for him. In an age when some writers as-

The Necessity

From love one takes
petal to rock and blessed
away towards
descend,

one took thought
for frail tint and spectral
glisten, trusted
from way back that stillness,

one knew
that heart of fire, rose
at the core of gold glow
could go down undiminished,

for love and
or if in fear knowing
the risk, knowing
what one is touching, one does it,

each part
of speech a spark
awaiting redemption, each
a virtue, a power

in abeyance unless we
give it care
our need designs in us. Then
all we have led away returns to us.

DENISE LEVERTOV

BERNARD A. WEISBERGER, author of *They Gathered at the River: The Story of the Great Revivalists* (Little, Brown), is a member of the history faculty, the University of Chicago.

sure us that the important men in the American Revolution were really property-loving and God-fearing moderates; when the Civil War is deplored as a sad affair caused by the temporary political eclipse of the hard-headed, business-as-usual types who avoided moral issues as the plague; when William L. White's popular book on the Senate suggests that its noblest members are those who maintain the proper reputation for discretion in the insiders' "club" of managers—in such an age, Charles Sumner is not going to be a hero.

AS FOR the liberals, they have tended to accept the notion of a "clean hands" standard for defenders of human rights. They have been cornered into agreeing that critics of the moral failings of others must be without spot or blemish themselves. One may concede that the moralist needs more purity than the man who takes the wicked world as he finds it; nevertheless, it becomes difficult in that case to isolate a reform tradition from some of its extremist begetters, or to praise what is praiseworthy while recognizing personal failings.

Thus a society which admires, or cannot find comfortable grounds for blaming, the "well-liked" accommodator, the

"constructive critic" (who offends nobody) and the "middle-of-the-roader" (with no idea of where the road is going) is not a society whose history books are apt to treat Sumner kindly. Mr. Donald does not suggest any of this; he simply sets the record straight and lets the implications fall where they may, a most promising beginning. It is doubtful at best that Sumner and the abolitionists will enjoy a renaissance. They accepted and lived by an absolute morality which we could not recapture if we would; and where we do agree with them on the Negro question, we are prone to do so on grounds which we have added—grounds of cultural anthropology and political necessity. Let us remember, however, that our pragmatism has not brought us closer to Utopia than their rigid insistence on fulfilling the clear mandate of a very real God who kept most strict accounts. If Sumner and his ilk are monuments to a kind of thinking we cannot share, they still show that there are essential moral problems which we must deal with in our symbols. To like them is difficult, to understand them possible, to learn from them, it would seem, essential. Mr. Donald, detached as he may be, has admirably started us on the road.

Persecution by Law

DRUG ADDICTION: *Crime or Disease?* Interim and Final Reports of the Joint Committee of the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association on Narcotic Drugs. Indiana University Press. 173 pp. \$5 cloth; \$2.95 paper.

Lawrence Kolb

DRUG ADDICTION is a medical condition that requires some measure of police action for its adequate control. To correct existing defects in control measures, physicians and pharmacologists, in the early part of this century, urged the enactment of a law somewhat

LAWRENCE KOLB, M.D., entered the United States Public Health Service in 1909 and served with that body thirty-five years. During that time he organized and conducted as superintendent three hospitals for mental disease, including the hospital for narcotic addiction at Lexington, Ky. On overseas assignment from 1928 to 1931, he observed European methods of handling drug addiction. In 1938, he became Assistant Surgeon General in charge of the Division of Mental Hygiene.

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stricter than the usual laws designed to control the handling of dangerous drugs. The Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914 was the result. This well-intentioned law was misinterpreted from the beginning and made a tool for the persecution of suffering patients and of the physicians who tried to help them. Propaganda, most of it making ridiculous claims about the harmfulness of narcotics, snowballed throughout the following years to such an extent that the general public, some judges and a few physicians who had no first-hand knowledge of drug addiction were led to believe that it was a national menace.

People with only a police training have secured commanding positions in the formulation of narcotic policies; sound medical opinion based on careful research is cried down or ignored; judges and physicians who disagree with prevalent extreme measures are denounced and, except for certain murder and treason cases, a narcotic offense under federal and some state laws has become our most severely punished crime. In many jurisdictions the courts have been deprived of discretionary power to fix the terms of punishment, and long sen-

ART and CULTURE

Critical Essays

by CLEMENT GREENBERG

Clement Greenberg is an astute and iconoclastic art critic who strikes sparks whenever he speaks. A brilliant demonstration of this, the essays in *Art and Culture* offer compelling and incisive criticism of modern art schools, art styles, sculpture and literature. The author, whose discovery of Jackson Pollack bespeaks his uncanny insight into art trends and artists, probes the interplay of art and culture—revealing how each serves to shape, judge and betray the other. In forthright and penetrating style, he discusses a wide range of French and American artists, including such pace-setting painters as Monet, Renoir, Picasso, Eakins, Homer and Marin. An informed and exciting exposition for art buff, amateur and expert alike.

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tences with no probation or parole are mandatory. The result is that our prisons are bulging with emotionally sick people, most of whom, under a properly regulated system of control, would be at home working and supporting families.

It was inevitable that there would be a reaction against these excesses and *Drug Addiction: Crime or Disease?* is evidence of it. This book stems from the work of a joint committee of the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association organized in 1955-1956. It has an informative introduction by Alfred R. Lindesmith, a sociologist who has made extensive studies of addiction and who pioneered in introducing to the American public the facts about the successful British system of narcotics control. [See Lindesmith: "Our Immoral Drug Laws"; *The Nation*, June 21, 1958.]

IN A very informative section Judge Morris Ploscowe has condensed into 100 pages the salient facts about the legal, medical and social factors of drug addiction. He quotes from the writings of authorities who have studied the problem in the United States during the past forty years. One may get from this section a view of the development of laws and policies, a review of decisions of the Supreme Court on narcotic cases and abridged statements from the work of physicians and special study groups.

Much of the quoted medical material is from the work of Public Health Service physicians whose observations are based on the study of hundreds of addicts.

The hospital at Lexington, Ky., with its famed Addiction Research Center, furnished an environment that insulated these physicians and other research workers against the barrage of propaganda that has caused so many less fortunately situated people to forget science and accept nonsense when they approach the narcotic problem.

Basing his remarks on exhaustive study of narcotic-control measures throughout the world, Rufus King briefly summarizes international-control measures and describes what is done in certain countries of Europe and Asia. He devotes special attention to the British system. King explains that the "addict in British society remains the addict patient; he never becomes, as in ours, the addict criminal."

Under strict and elaborate control measures, which include provisions for prescribing maintenance doses of morphine or heroin to certain addicts who cannot be cured, addiction has almost completely disappeared in Great Britain. King quotes regulations to the effect that "there is no compulsory treatment of drug addicts in the United Kingdom. . . . The treatment of a patient is considered to be a matter for the doctor concerned."

Only one country treats addicts more severely than does the United States. In the Republic of China the death penalty is imposed for several narcotic offenses including relapse after the third treatment.

This book is highly recommended both to the general public and to professional readers.

The Author of 'She'

RIDER HAGGARD: His Life and Works. By Morton N. Cohen. Walker & Co. 326 pp. \$6.

Benjamin DeMott

IS variousness a good thing in a man? In life not necessarily; in biography yes, indeed—as this well-made, unexclamatory book puts far beyond doubt. Its subject was at different moments of his life an ostrich farmer, a spy and a London barrister. He witnessed Zulu war dances and hunted treasure in Mexico. Husband, father and Norfolk squire, he

BENJAMIN DeMOTT is professor of English at Amherst and a columnist for The American Scholar. His novel, The Body's Cage (Little, Brown), was published in 1959.

served also as Adjutant of the Pretoria Horse and as negotiator (at twenty-one) with fierce up-country African chiefs, and his hands raised the Union Jack over the new territory when England annexed the Transvaal. A magistrate rescued from jungle quicksand owed him his life; Kipling owed him the idea for the *Jungle Books*. He was "*ex officio* legal guardian of all the orphans in the Transvaal," and the first serious chronicler of Booth and the Salvation Army at home; he stood guard over his wife and belongings with a Martini Henry carbine in the Boer uprisings, and in England fought the decay of the world with a report on afforestation and coastal erosion. Historian, agricultural economist (still quoted with respect), social reformer, hunter, Royal Com-

Master of the Second Choice

Master of the second choice he circles at the foot of the fortress.

No crack in the gorgeous wall with its lights and ladies, no overhanging limb to crawl on for a fresh sight.

Between him and the gate of mirror something loose in his history thrusts a leonine face; his first error may not be glimpsed.

Sensing the pad, the nodding beard behind him, he must dance in the sand, swallow clouds of his own dust.

S. DORMAN

missioner, politician, student of Danish and American rural and labor problems, model farmer—Haggard was all these and more: the author of fifty-eight bestselling novels, including *King Solomon's Mines* and *She*.

About this writer's best romance C. S. Lewis once said that it "is in touch with the permanent nature of our imagination"; anyone who has awakened (before or after reading *She*) from a dream of moldering corpses whose eyes are jet flames knows that the remark has meaning. The biographer misses a shade of the meaning, perhaps, when he suggests that Haggard's fancy could have survived exposure to hostile disciplines:

. . . weaknesses in Haggard's writing stand between him and immortality. And when we ask why they existed and why Haggard did so little to change, we find ample reasons. Had the boy been given an adequate schooling, had he been conditioned by a literary environment, had he been taught the refinements and graces of the English language, had he been steeped in the classics and grown conscious of his own shortcomings, had he not to struggle so for financial independence, and above all had he been more secure psychologically, he might have woven his tales into a finer fabric.

And Mr. Cohen is more certain than some would have been, after full survey of the *oeuvre*, that the shrine of the pure imagination is no noisome, obnoxious place.

BUT his reluctance to advance to that concession is understandable. Haggard was not a man who knew himself, was far from a subtle mind; his Africa is neither Sargent Shriver's nor Basil Davidson's (though his tales of Zulu dynasties are not bare of interest at

The NATION

the moment), and his manorial or feudal fantasies were touched with pathetic comedy (though he himself was one of the first of his class to recognize them as fantasies). On the other hand, the principle of vibrantly energetic variousness that worked itself out in this life is in every respect stunning—an item that freshens belief in the openness of experience to individual human attack. In showing it forth Mr. Cohen has produced a highly readable book, marked by balance, good humor and taste.

Shared Corruption

THE CORAL BARRIER. By Pierre Gascar. Little, Brown & Co. 172 pp. \$3.75.

Nelson Algren

A CORAL REEF, delicate as a fin and invisible as a spine, cut the port off from the open sea. No ship came to Mogadiscio.

The old colonial hands who once had governed the land had sent their families back to Italy, pending declaration of Somali independence. In their terraced houses now no woman's voice was ever heard.

At evening in Paolo Bruzzi's café they pretended to one another that the country still needed them. Because it was no use to pretend that Italy needed them, and they had to pretend something. They were men who had lived idly too long in a land of harsh white light: return to a steady job in a land of soft rain frightened them.

So they shared the Somali girls, passing them from hand to hand. They were men who had shared one another's lives so long that, now that so little was left in anyone's cups, they shared one another's corruption.

When a younger man, uncorrupted, entered Bruzzi's café, he antagonized them because he did not wish to share their lives. He was a bank functionary, Luigi Peretti, who had come to Mogadiscio to paint.

Luigi's story becomes the story of Jilal, a black girl with whom he falls in love and who falls in love with him. Yet she cannot give herself to him because a ritual operation has imprisoned her within herself. A surgical operation called infibulation, an Islamic practice, reduces Jilal to the unfeeling nakedness of a doll.

NELSON ALGREIN is the author of *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *A Walk on the Wild Side*.

May 20, 1961

She, too, has no true country. A woman, she feels, belongs only to the country of the man she loves.

With independence only two years away—the year is 1958—hatred walks in the streets. The new native proletariat is already preparing dossiers on those of their women who have lived with Italians. Jilal, therefore, cannot go to a native midwife for the operation that will make her a woman. Luigi declines the aid proffered by an old colonial doctor who has had his eye on Jilal for some time. It is then that Luigi's one Italian friend, the café owner Bruzzi, deceives an Italian nun, a gynecologist, into performing the operation on Jilal.

When the colonial doctor discovers the secret, the word is out. What to the natives looks like an atrocity against a native girl, looks to the Italians like an insane provocation, and both Luigi and Bruzzi have to return to Italy. Leaving Jilal walking toward her desert village, utterly lost.

In a time of the 700-page novel with nothing to say, and which then says it badly, this 172-page novel is a find. It is told with impact, with poetry, with truth.

ARCHITECTURE

Lincoln Kirstein

THESE NOTES are written to call attention to two contemporary masterpieces of architecture: the Munson-Williams-Phillips Institute of Utica, New York, and the Museum of Western Art, in Fort Worth, Texas. It rarely happens that an exemplary monument, as distinct from negotiable shelter-space, is erected in this country. Utica and Fort Worth are not large cities, but they will become focal points for art lovers of international curiosity, since each now contains one of the fine buildings of this century.

An unusual set of circumstances led to the creation of the structure in Utica: an estate accumulated by three families with an enlightened policy of benefaction; the intelligent manipulation of residual funds until such time as considerable money was accumulated and nothing had to be skimmed and, perhaps most important, a client in the person of the museum director, who, while he presented and stuck to his own

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is the author of monographs on *Elie Nadelman*, *Gaston Lachaise*, *Henri Cartier-Bresson* and *Walker Evans*.

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—ROBERT PENN WARREN

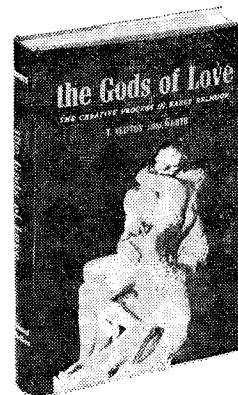
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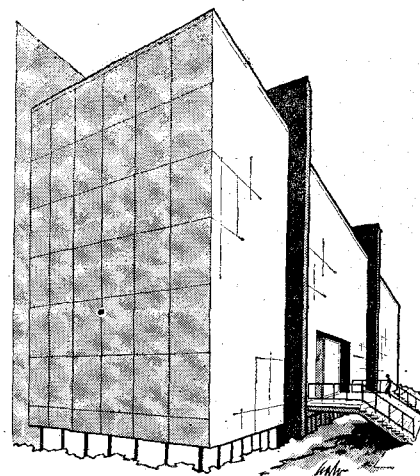
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program, respected his chosen architect as a distinguished artist and gave him, within generous limits, a free hand. Such conditions were sometimes commanded by princes. The Imperial Detached Katsura Villa in Kyoto was achieved by an architect who made three simple demands: no limit on time; no limit on money; no interference from the patron. Today, similar conditions are possible when a certain prestige or status is preponderant; a virtuoso architectural reputation is sometimes permitted or even encouraged to erect a monument to itself, disregarding most of the ostensible needs of the collection or community for which the building is called into being. But in Utica there was nearly perfect collaboration and mutual esteem; the surrounding valley and nearby towns, which this art center serves, may congratulate themselves.

THE exterior of the rectilinear structure, two stories of which are visible above ground, is revetted in a warm gray Canadian granite cut in large squares; the whole is bound by bronze-sheathed concrete pilaster straps which secure the building like a gigantic package. The huge roof hangs directly from this powerful framework, thus providing a very large interior of unsupported and uninterrupted space. At night, the museum seems to float on a green-hedged dry moat; its basement is glazed continuously and softly glows; hence what might have seemed like an oppressive block lies easily on a raised earthwork, its airy support. One enters by broad steps directly into a big sculpture court, whose wide and elegantly hung double stair leads to an ample surrounding balcony, from which issue large galleries wholly surrounding the court. The interior walls of the lower story are veneered in a warm hardwood; all hanging space is surfaced in a bland Philippine grass-cloth. The thirty-foot coffered ceiling is pierced to the sky by a series of inset domes; in each is centered a powerful electric down-light, so that the court or, indeed, any area of the museum, can be effectively transformed into a television studio for the direct transmission of whatever happens to be on view.

In the four corners of the building-block are access stairwells, the floors, walls and steps being highly finished in pink terrazzo. All the detailing, from the travertine floors to the metal- and wood-work, is a joy to see and touch and is a most encouraging sign of the high degree of craftsmanship locally available. There are no windows on the two gallery floors; the space for hanging pictures and placing sculpture is divided



Utica

with almost lyrical tact. The major spaces are so light, in weight and sight, that the enclosed air seems to shed its own grace, although the actual illumination comes from the evenly light-washed walls, shadowless and adjustable. One module is maintained throughout the public areas; the architecture seems almost invisible, except as it analyzes the needs of space. The supports are very thin; the separations of the panels delicate; even the screening of the balustrades seems more a glow than a grill. There is a handsome auditorium with gold-paneled acoustical tiling and a very steeply banked system of comfortable seats for lectures and demonstrations.

PHILIP JOHNSON was the master architect; Richard Kelly designed the flexible and poetic lighting; Richard B. K. McLanathan is the Director of the Museum of Art. It is also proper to mention Mr. William Murray, President of the Board, under whose ultimate responsibility this fine work was undertaken. The opening exhibition was ingeniously hung to show unfamiliar works of art from collections in American cities of about 100,000 people — cities like Utica, itself. The home collection has many objects of quality and interest; the larger loan pictures looked brilliant hung on creamy walls.

It is significant that such results could be achieved in a comparatively small community. Perhaps they could be achieved only in a small community. The buildings that emerge from big competitions or enforced collaboration show a distressing, if inevitable, tendency toward the lowest common denominator. Good architects are reluctant to enter competitions; the client is usually the enemy. It is useful to compare the Guggenheim Museum and the Utica Museum. They represent extreme poles in plan and function, but they share one

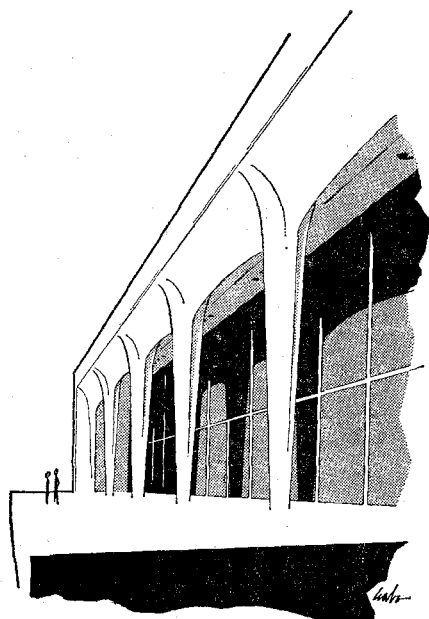
arresting quality: absolute idiosyncratic statement. The power of Wright's personality; the imposition of his will by fiat upon a complacent patron and upon every aspect of construction in a frenzy of reckless megalomania, achieved one kind of monument. It possesses, as Sir Hugh Casson says all the greatest buildings possess, an atmosphere amounting to horror. Thus Rome, Olympia, Hagia Sophia.

The Utica building is no less ambitiously conceived; indeed, as far as function goes, it is far more complex and complete. It was designed not only as a house for a collection but as a community center. The personality of the planner is pervasive, if one looks for it; but on immediate contact it is imperceptible. For here the pleasure and pride of the architect were not to place his magisterial stamp on plastic space, but to provide the most elegant practicality possible; as clear as crystal and as invisible. Taste is discreet but luxurious; craftsmanship is not the rough hand of mastery interested in little beneath the broad statement, but an impeccable standard comparable to the finest objects of hand and mind that will inhabit its walls.

PHILIP JOHNSON'S second new building, the Museum of Western Art, lies a few miles from the skyscraper blocks of downtown Fort Worth. The museum plan is simple: five huge arches, thirty-five feet high with twenty-two foot spans form the portico of a rectilinear box. Through the grand arcade of the columns all Fort Worth is framed, three miles to the west. The five arches of the stoa, indeed the whole fabric, is con-

structed of delicately cut shell-stone, a honey-colored fossil-rock, quarried from the primeval Gulf floor, near Austin, Texas. The fossil-prints of shell and mollusk, embedded in the blocks, are very large, in perfect intaglio. The cutting of the stone itself, all by local craftsmen, is the equal in suavity to French stereotomy of the eighteenth century, which it recalls. The vertical surface, behind the arcade, is glazed in huge sheets of smoked gold-glass. Behind is a two-story gallery, one hundred feet long, which houses the huge collection of paintings and sculpture of cowboys, cattle, Indians and horses, by Frederic Remington and Charles Russell. A generous balcony contains a reference library; smaller vitrines well lit with self-illuminating glass contain figurines. The opening choice, judiciously culled from a huge collection, was handsomely mounted on large wooden bases by Jermainy McAgy. Remington and Russell, apart from local and historical factors, have, particularly in their sculpture, much plastic merit, an American candor of place, period and action, devotedly observed in their occupational dignity. One need not pretend that these men were as great sculptors as Barye or Saint Gaudens, but they are not artistically negligible.

Philip Johnson's building is executed in his customary, if unique, fastidious extravagance. It could not possibly have cost what it seems to have cost; even Texans aren't that rich. But there was no budget; it was built as a criterion of excellence and to last. Nowhere else in this country, with the possible exception of the National Gallery in Washington, is there such a profusion of regal mineral splendor. Some puritan critics have objected to the plan of the five-arch portico as non-functional, non-structural, rhetorical and ostentatious. It is a measure of our architectural poverty that we now consider magnificence unworthy of the ethical status of a prime function. The commonality of architectural teachers and critics presuppose cubage for shelter as the only justification for building, with a minimal expression of organic structure as the only aesthetic. Playfulness, fantasy, monumentality, or splendor for its own sake is tolerated only if the surfaces are brutal and the uses necessitarian on a primary level. The Fort Worth museum was presented to the city and the country by the Amon Carter Foundation; its function is memorial magnificence—to a man (oil emperor and owner of the *Star-Telegram*) and to an epoch of American life. Its arcade is a ceremonial porch to a city built on the economy



Fort Worth

May 20, 1961

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of cattle, enshrining symbols of beasts and the men who handled them. The scale is very large, the cutting of the arches extremely subtle in their slightly eccentric plasticity. The columns spring from a solid granite podium, their footing for the first four inches of the columnar-base, flowing from the granite into the shell-stone with no break in form. Its craftsmanship approaches independent sculptural expression.

If one has a word of reservation, possibly the square stone slabs, attached to the soffit by bronze pins seem small; the pegs themselves a trace nervously reiterative in their repetitive closeness. There is a large sunken garden, beautifully lit at night, as if it were a submerged pool, with two big trees arbitrarily set on great asymmetrical mounds. The surrounding landscaping of a wealth of live-oaks, luxuriously transplanted from the nearby countryside, is a feature that will eventually bind this immaculate building, almost athletically nude in its lean freshness, more closely to the ground on which it has been set.

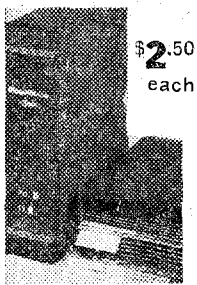
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One eagerly awaits Johnson's next three museums: Lincoln, Neb., for which ground has been broken; the new galleries of Pre-Colombian Art for the Robert Woods Bliss Collection for Harvard University at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, for which ground is being cleared, and the new wing of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. Johnson has just been awarded a considerable honor by the American Institute of Architects; it is rare that a single architect is cited twice in the same year, but this year his Shrine at New Harmony, Indiana, and his nuclear-reactor installation for Israel were both crowned. Johnson is one of the few monumental and honorific architects now working in the United States; he is able to refuse work that is merely shelter since he prefers to build shrines.

ART

Fairfield Porter

ADVOCATES of "realism," "the human image" and "tradition," those who dislike paintings in which you recognize no natural details, would like art today to resemble what they have found and got used to in museums. They use the past as precedent for what they propose in the present. The issue is the museum. And the more artists interest themselves in this version of artistic tradition, the more they separate art and life, to the detriment of both. The separation of art and life comes from the belief that form belongs to art and content to nature. In order to have art enough, they search for order. The search for order, and the prejudice that order is not natural, limit the artist's awareness. Take for example the difference between the coast line in a map surveyed from the ground and the same coast line in an aerial photograph. The first is irregular and chaotic: the surveyor was looking for order according to his conventions and scientific prejudices. The second has unforeseen linear beauty, which can appear only in complete surrender before nature. The deepest order is not within the ability of the artist to create, instead it is something that he is able to find, either within or outside himself, and only if he is open enough, unprejudiced enough and attentive enough. Advocates of "humanism" (when it is opposed to non-objective art) may believe that reason is the highest human quality: however reason is only one quality, and who is to say

which is highest? These questions are concretely posed in three exhibitions. One, at the National Arts Club, is called "A Realist View," and opposite to this are the exhibitions of Joan Mitchell at the Stable, and of Mark di Suvero and Ronald Bladen at the Green Gallery.

Joan Mitchell's paintings contain in concrete detail only bright swishes and gobs of paint, but the total effect is landscape: clouds, sunset, vegetation, water. Her form is the positive of Turner's vortex, and the feeling is a very strong experience of the presence of nature. Although there is no specific place, nature is more "really" present than in most representational paintings. It is because of the "reality" (not representation) of the detail. The details, shaped like brush strokes, have committed shapes, and the colors have committed texture, hue and substance. They are not muddy, which has nothing to do with the presence or absence of browns or grays, but with their being clearly what they are. Miss Mitchell has been attentive to outside nature and her inner experience, and she gives you something real.

Mark di Suvero's sculpture is a huge, triangularly bolted-together mass of beams worn by use and weather. Ronald Bladen's paintings are in two colors only: a vast thick lava-like mat surface from which project a few much thicker troweled lumps of another color. Both the sculpture and the paintings insist on their objectivity. They give an experience of the splintered surfaces worn by traffic, sun and sea, of heavy dockside construction. Like Miss Mitchell, these artists are attentive to experience and sensitive to reality.

THE PAINTERS at the National Arts Club are: Harvey Dinnerstein, Sheldon Fink, St. Julian Fishburne, Stuart Kaufman, David Levine, Seymour Remenick, Daniel Schwartz, Aaron Shikler, Burt Silverman and Herbert Steinberg. Robert White is the sculptor. Though the painters have always considered themselves realists, some of them are moving away from attentiveness to reality in favor of attention to craft as an end in itself.

Reality cannot be faked; unless it is total, it fails to convince. It fails when an idea of reality — a doctor holding a new-born baby, a house painter with brush poised — is superimposed on no matter how skillful a technical exercise. It fails when it exists in the detail but not in the whole surface. It fails to convince when it amounts to a repetition of equal wrinkles of clothes, as in Silver-

man's *Family Circle*, representing a group in a theatre box. The light on individual faces is good, but the whole breaks apart into separate passages, some beautifully painted, some conscientiously. Form coordinates diversity, it does not pile up facts. That is why form comes from the artist looking for chaos, in which case he finds that order that is directly discoverable by unconscious awareness, which is wiser than awareness directed by the reason following systematic rules. Critics who demand to know what something means, demand to have reality translated into conventionality, maybe the conventionality of language; they wish to limit communication.

ANOTHER example of unconvincing reality is Levine's *Brighton Beach*. The artist has used his experience of people behind the boardwalk as raw material for a translation into something resembling in its craft a painting by Rembrandt, like a school exercise to show how well he has done his homework. You recognize each detail, and you are left with the inescapable conviction that Brighton Beach is a boring figment of Levine's imagination. But Levine's portrait of Sheldon Fink has reality because it has art, and art because it has reality. Because you see the bloodshot face for the first time, you can have no hesitation in believing it, and the details of the suit, its flatness, the shadow under the lapel in one brush line, the narrow torso above wide trousers, all have that formality that is discovered and so has got to be true. And Fink's large group of a mother reading to her three children is real because like the best inventions it comes from attention to something beyond the artist's ability to control.

Dinnerstein's *Motorcyclists* is reality manipulated, the way old-fashioned photographers used to do in their studios. Because he doesn't accept this photographer's studio aspect of art, he doesn't get as far as the photographer did in making an imitation of art instead of an imitation of nature. However, imitation of art can be valid. Remenick sees nature as real insofar as it imitates art, but since his imitation is total, so is his reality total, and he combines diversity into a singleness of surface. His still lifes look like paint: this is their integrity. They are real in the thoroughness of their artistry, even though the reality he portrays is a studio reality. After all, a studio is just as real a place as a hospital or a race track.

In Shikler's paintings, also, there is this split between attention to some-

thing either inside or outside the artist, like his paintings of the antique dealer, or *After the Bath*, and those paintings that try to make art imitate art, like the *Bridal Preparations*. In the latter painting the surface is broken into a monotonous flutter of leaf-like strokes, that are neither interesting in themselves, nor a contribution to the subject.

Robert White is different from the painters. He hardly ever goes in for genre, and the reality of sculpture is at a different level from that of painting. *The Ploughman* has a form that comes from its details, it is internal: he sees the anatomy as if from the point of view of the man inside the body, as though he were the animate principle of his own landscape, and therefore beyond his own comprehension. As a whole one might think, why was the figure cut off above the knees, what is the composition? It is because the experience was inner, and the figure stopped where the experience ceased. This is as far as it goes, this is it, which makes what there is more intense. *Salome* seems to start with the whole conception, Salome dancing. But this too is known from the inside, and it is organic instead of conceptual. However the virtuosity of the modeled detail of the *Bar Room* is lost in an artificial conception.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ANDRE GIDE once said that when you ask a question of a philosopher you end by not understanding the question you asked. And Poe once warned that the truth is often to be found not at the heights we try to climb but in the valley which is clear to our sight.

I was reminded of these two remarks as I overheard or read various comments on Jean Genet's *The Blacks* (St. Mark's Playhouse). There is a tendency to explain so-called *avant-garde* drama (or painting, poetry, etc.) in such terms that it becomes not only unenjoyable but hopelessly unintelligible. Sartre has on several occasions explained Genet so superbly that his exegesis needed more elucidation than Genet's work itself. I have sometimes feared that these virtuoso explications might affect Genet as much as they frequently confuse the reader or spectator.

All this is to say that *The Blacks* (when you see it) is not an obscure play. Do not try to "comprehend" the prob-

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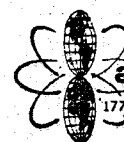
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lem of its method or the conundrum of its metaphor. If you dwell on these you may talk interestingly but you will miss the play. It is a strong, hard, scandalous and utterly fascinating masquerade. It is also one of the most original theatre pieces of our day.

Genet calls it a "clown show." It presents what he once described as a "true picture born of a distorted image." The elegant and vicious ritual of *The Blacks* is a work of pure hatred. It is an elaborate *coup de grâce* struck against the white man's distrust, fear and abhorrence of the blacks. It is an ironic howl at and mockery of everything the pale face thinks, says and, in furtive guilt and repressed aversion, fails to say against the dark-skinned peoples. It also unleashes the fury of the blacks themselves against the white ruling minority. The fiercely polished language Genet employs and the splendid colors arrest our attention like the gleam of a beautiful dagger directed at our throats. We stand in horrified hypnosis at the sight of the imminent (and playful) slaughter like the bewildered bull confronted by his magnificent killer.

It is all done with a grin which has little humor, though it will provoke a frightened laugh. This cold dazzling smile dispels any suspicion that it might contain love or tenderness. As Verlaine wanted to wring the neck of eloquence, so Genet beats down the possible emergence of sentiment. In the decadent mode we might say that *The Blacks* is a perfect crime.

THE PLAY is very French. It contains something of the pride of classic seventeenth-century rhetoric with the outrage of the more vehement symbolist poets, in addition to the latter day jamboree of journalese and topical, editorial allusions. Paradoxically, it communicates neither warmth nor passion — for murder may be haughty. No matter what initial impression we may get of confusion, the pattern of the whole is shapely and formal.

The first half of the performance is more successful than the second: the play seems too long. But perhaps it is a mistake to divide the play by an intermission. Perhaps it should be maddeningly, intolerably protracted, like a refined torture. Then it would not appear to fall off a bit but become clearly what it is: a calculated cruelty.

There may be, as I noted, different interpretations of Genet's plays according to the spectator's tastes and interests. This is particularly true of *The Masks* and *The Balcony*. In its meaning

The Blacks is simpler than either of these. My own view — and it is a point I should like to emphasize — is that for all the anarchy and personal stress of Genet's dramatic work it is social and "revolutionary." *The Blacks* is not the kind of play of "social significance" that we are accustomed to: it is not melioristic or benign. It is dangerously explosive; and that is one of its virtues.

Most plays dealing with the race "problem" (or prejudice) are pathetic, constructive, patient. Genet, poet and criminal, is a scourge. In the end his destructiveness is salutary, an assassin of hypocrisy, a bomb dropped on mediocrity and complacency. The contemporary French exasperation—the savagery of which we tend to underestimate as we underestimate everything that threatens — is on its moral level a signal to the world for the need of a not too-long-to-be-delayed self-transformation.

If an extension of the play's content is sought I should say that beyond the limits of its material lies another (perhaps unconscious) intent. The blacks are not simply the Negroes but all the scorned, neglected, oppressed, ridiculed people thrust out by established society. The play may be thought of as a plea and a protest for the outcast — of whom the blacks are the symbol. But it is a plea and a protest of a man who no longer permits himself the luxury of forgiveness.

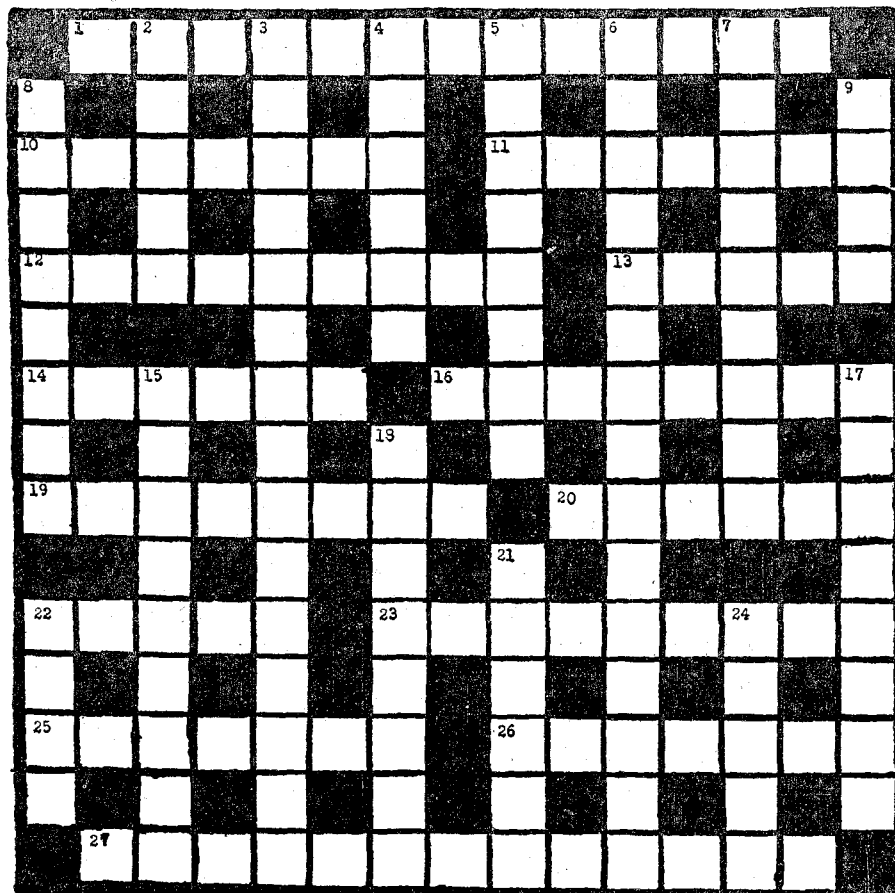
Admirably translated by Bernard Frechtman, the play is directed with firm and skillful hand by Gene Frankel. The masks and costumes are in a properly weird style; the whole production shows care and intelligence. It seemed to me at one moment that an element of glamorous mystery was missing, but on further reflection I have come to believe that the almost machine-like precision and clear brightness of the production's atmosphere may possess its own mystery — the modern one in which the strangely contortionate conformations of assembly line gadgets are placed nakedly on bare planes against neutral horizons, as if everything were in order.

One is not sure that all the actors understand the full meaning of the words they speak, but this may add a certain desirable impersonality in the proceedings. The cast is generally fine. You may pick your own favorites. Mine were Helen Martin for the easy sense she made of her lines, Ethel Ayler for the stunning aristocracy of her beauty, Godfrey Cambridge for his hang-dog characterization, Louis Gossett for the acute venom of his gaze.

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 916

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Concerning the advanced position of the ranger's problem? (13)
- 10 Turn aside a number in other than perfect surroundings. (7)
- 11 Teeth, or how anything's appendages might be attached. (7)
- 12 Would creating "M" imply throwing one's weight around? (9)
- 13 The time of depression. (5)
- 14 There's probably nothing permanent attached to the right of this holder. (6)
- 16 With the sound of a match? (8)
- 19 One might be found in the valleys of northern England and Salem. (8)
- 20 and 22 down Certainly not a moving description of the way one treats a Strauss hero! (10)
- 22 Animal associated with good cheer. (5)
- 23 Such things can be followed or copied exactly. (9)
- 25 General pull-back? (Headed for shelter, no doubt!) (7)
- 26 For Gray, it didn't frown on humble birth. (7)
- 27 Unite with 16 to make a quick recovery possible. (13)

DOWN:

- 2 A little bit of self-interest? (5)
- 3 See 9 down
- 4 Is it no longer wrong to put the

squeeze on? (6)

- 5 The sort of time most likely to imply clannishness? (8)
- 6 Where one makes an all-out attempt to be like Uncas, for example? (3, 3, 2, 3, 4)
- 7 Some accounts might be stretched a little too much! (9)
- 8 Those who work hard to a certain degree presumably get this. (8)
- 9 and 3 Do old-fashioned writers of this mind waiting? (4, 8, 7)
- 15 Water color? (Strangely enough, it would properly be white or blue!) (4, 5)
- 17 With fringe benefits? (8)
- 18 A bad man's about to do something big! (8)
- 21 An inferior kind of cinnamon. (6)
- 22 See 20 across
- 24 The way they forbid you to be familiar in France with a native? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 915

ACROSS: 1 Pedestrians; 9 Ignorant; 11 Vegetal; 12 Parsnip; 14 Estate; 15 Old timer; 17 Forebode; 20 Cupola; 22 Assuage; 24 Entrant; 26 Remain; 27 Obituary; 28 Sea chanties. DOWN: 2 Exonerate; 3 Emanate; 4 and 10 Tote boards; 5 Inboard; 6 Nears; 7 Egress; 8 Admire; 13 and 25 Conestoga; 16 Importune; 18 Ouster; 19 Organic; 20 Convict; 21 Liners; 23 Usage.

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The Nation gratefully acknowledges awards granted to three of its contributors for articles appearing in this magazine during the year 1960:

LONGVIEW LITERARY AWARD to
Richard Harris

for "Murder One," a sensitive, revealing story of the operations of justice in a routine murder case, published September 27, 1960. The distinguished panel of judges consisted of Saul Bellow, Louise Bogan, Charles Boni, Alfred Kazin, Thomas B. Hess and Henri Peyre.

SIDNEY HILLMAN PRIZE to
Fred J. Cook

for "Gambling, Inc.," a probe into nationwide corruption, published as a special issue on October 22, 1960 (and soon to be put out in book form by Dial Press). This is the third successive year in which Mr. Cook has won a prize for his work in *The Nation*. Judges were Dr. Buell Gallagher, Louis Gannett and William Shirer.

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